NOVEMBER 29, 1976 CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE 60¢

Macleans



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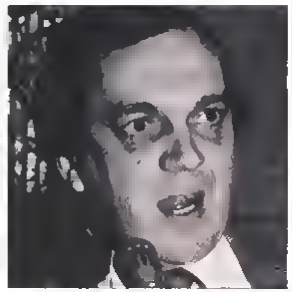


COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY GORDON BECK

Quebec: The victory of Rene Lévesque and his Parti Québécois on November 15 has brought Canada to a point of crisis. In recognition of the impact the election has had already, and the future impact and implications it must necessarily have, *Maclean's* has devoted 11 pages of this issue to examining, analyzing and interpreting the coming of the age of Levesque. On **Page 10** Peter C. Newman urges English Canada not to overreact, and thereby to make separation more certain. In the Canadian news section Graham Fraser looks at the aftermath of the election, and there are follow-up articles on the people around Lévesque, a profile of the man himself, the mechanics of separation, and reaction from Ottawa, the other provinces, and the world—plus Ottawa Bureau Chief Robert Lewis' reflections on the English pocket, the Eastern Townships, where he grew up. On **Page 71** Peter Brimelow reports on and assesses the reaction of the business community. And then Allan Fotheringham, on **Page 86,** argues that, if nothing else, Canada has in Lévesque a man worthy of the title Leader of the Opposition.



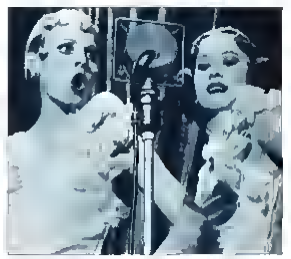
Three for the show: The CBC's foray into late-night programming will ultimately depend on Peter Gzowski, the star of radio's *This Country In The Morning*, and his behind-the-scenes sidekick Alex Frame. But whether or not *Ninety Minutes Live* succeeds or fails, as Barbara Amiel reports, it was fun just getting it on the air. **Page 26.**



The NDP out of season: With the decline of Pierre Trudeau and his Liberals, it seemed logical that there would be at least some ascent for Ed Broadbent and the NDP. But that hasn't happened, and one of the reasons suggests Ian Urquhart, is that if Joe Clark is Joe Who, Ed Broadbent is Whatshisname? **Page 45.**



White Rhodesia is its days of reckoning: "Don't say good-bye to Rhodesia," the most popular new song implores. But the whites, whose 86-year domination is about to end, are saying good-bye—10 000 of them this year gone or going. And as for the rest, the choice is no longer out-and-run or stay-and-fight; the fight is over. **Page 65.**



An idea whose time hee defiertely eot come: Why would anybody make a musical comedy about 1930s gangsters with a cast of children? The people who are trying to sell *Bugsy Malone* to the North American public don't know either. It might have made a nice little movie, Urjo Kareda suggests, but as a big one it's both "aimless and endless." **Page 88.**

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Interview

With Rosalynn Carter

Rosalynn Carter America's new first lady is determined to be the most dynamic influential and inspiring woman in the White House since Eleanor Roosevelt She has a natural driving ambition for herself as much as for her husband At 49 she has enormous energy most mornings this year she has been up at four-thirty to start her day in front of factory gates shaking hands with the early shift and begging them to "vote for Jimmy" She speaks with a slow southern drawl in soft almost shy melodic tones It is 30 years since she married her childhood sweetheart Jimmy Carter He was in the navy then and she was a hairdresser in the tiny town of Plains Georgia where both were born raised and have lived most of their lives She has a parochial education and even now betrays practically no sophistication And yet her natural instinct for politics people and plain hard work have made her one of the President-elect's most trusted advisers She will be the power *beside* the throne rather than behind it She was interviewed recently by William Lowther contributing editor to *Maclean's* who followed Jimmy Carter's campaign and Mrs Carter's part in it for two years

Maclean's: *You have been campaigning for two years now How has running for the White House changed you?*

Mrs. Carter: I think it has broadened me I've learned so much about people their problems and their needs I've learned so much about the country I've learned that people are the same everywhere They want the same things They want to be secure and not have to worry about finding a job and not being able to take care of their families They want better things for their children than they want for themselves Knowing these things has broadened my whole life

Maclean's: *If there have been any disadvantages during this intense campaigning what have they been?*

Mrs. Carter: The worst thing was being away from my daughter Amy—she is only nine I've missed her an awful lot But I've managed to go home for two days every week And she has always stayed in our house and my mother or Jimmy's mother stays with her I'll be glad to have her with me all the time in the White House But she's really a well-adjusted child She's a campaign child She was just two when Jimmy ran for governor and she's always been surrounded by people she didn't know She's very nonchalant about the whole situation

Maclean's: *Nevertheless you've obviously worried about Amy Has all the campaigning affected her badly? Especially with you being away so much?*

Mrs. Carter: Well, she has always been brought up in a family of adults We had been married 21 years and our youngest son was 15 when she was born So she's mature for her age

Maclean's: *The campaign and its success must have changed all of your lives*



THE PRESIDENT CAN'T REALLY TALK WITH PEOPLE ON THE STREET BUT I THINK I CAN

Mrs. Carter: It's been hard work But I've always worked hard I worked in the peanut warehouse when I was at home and campaigned every day when Jimmy ran for governor And when he was governor I worked with the mental health program But as I've said having to leave Amy has been the hardest thing for me

Maclean's: *At the end of all this effort, how does it feel?*

Mrs. Carter: Well, it's really a good feeling And I think that we've done it our whole family feels that we've done it together I have three married sons who campaigned full time with their wives, and you have to remember that when we started nobody knew who Jimmy was We didn't have any money We were running against the political power structure, and it was hard There is just a good feeling in our family to think that we could start from nowhere and get the presidency

Maclean's: *What if he had lost?*

Mrs. Carter: Of course we would have been very disappointed, because we all worked so hard But I don't think that any member of our family would have had any regret because every one of us did all that we possibly could We have a good business now, and we could have gone back home to work, and that still could have been a great challenge for Jimmy

Maclean's: *What are you going to do in the White House?*

Mrs. Carter: I'm going to work I'm going to work with a mental health program for the whole country I'm going to work with the problems of the elderly There are so many things I want to do I learned when Jimmy was the governor of Georgia that it was possible to cope with any situation when you're in a position to do something I will know what the needs are I will be in a position of influence You learn about it as the needs develop, and you learn to see what they are and to help with them I'm looking forward to it

Maclean's: *Governor Carter has said that you might act as an ambassadress going abroad on your own to represent him and the country*

Mrs. Carter: Well, we've talked about it—and it's not just me but the whole family that is involved here My sons are not children They're 29 26 and 24 And Jimmy says that America has neglected many of our friends among the nations of the world We feel that a member of the family should visit these friendly nations and show them about their problems, and that we really want to be friends with them I think it very very important, and I think that I can do that and that my sons and their wives can do that, too Just maybe a short visit to friendly nations, on our own, showing that Jimmy Carter his family, and America cares

Maclean's: *As a political wife your life has been full of psychological highs and lows as your husband's fortunes went up and down How does it affect you as a person?*

Mrs. Carter: I have just developed a calm-



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SIZE COMPARISONS
Cars with full size wheelbase

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Cadillac De Ville	121.5"	130.0"
Cars with mid-size wheelbase		
Ford LTD II	**118.0"**	**–**
Caprice	116.0"	121.5"
Impala	116.0"	121.5"
Chevelle	118.0"	118.0"



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ness about it. This year alone we went through 30 primaries, the convention and now the election. You can't allow yourself to bob up and down from one extreme to another. It would be too traumatic. You have to develop calmness. I know that we all do the best job that we can, and that we cannot do any more. When something happens that makes you feel you could have done different, you could have done better, you don't look back. You just look forward and see where you're going and what you can do next time that is going to improve things.

Maclean's: *Washington is full of broken political families—there are dozens of examples of politics wrecking a home because of the time and pressures involved. How do you get over that?*

Mrs. Carter: I have found that a wife must get involved with her husband in politics. I can see that it would be very bad if the man in the family—or the woman if she was the one running for office—was going out and doing all kinds of great things while the other partner was left at home tending to the children, taking care of the house, just being left out of it all. The whole family must be involved. I've campaigned for Jimmy every time he has run for office. And my children have, too. We have all got deeply involved. When we were in the governor's mansion in Georgia my sons would do things like taking the list of telephone calls that Jimmy got. They would personally call the people that Jimmy didn't have time to talk with. And we found that people, ordinary people like ourselves, liked that personal approach. It just doesn't have to be the governor calling back. It also means a lot when a member of his family calls. Taking this attitude us all being in it together has drawn our family closer together because we're working together.

Maclean's: *How do you see yourself in the role of first lady?*

Mrs. Carter: I don't really know much about the White House. The only way I can answer that question is to talk about my experience as first lady of Georgia. I learned then that I could help with any situation it didn't matter what it was. And I think there will be too many opportunities for me in Washington not to take advantage of them. It will be such a position of influence, and there are so many good things I can do. I think the role of the first lady should be an active one. I want to travel all around this country, get out and work with the people, because it's so important to stay close to them, find out what their needs are. Sometimes it's hard for the President to do that. If he goes into a shopping centre, he gets so surrounded he can't really talk with anybody. It becomes hard for him as President to talk with people in the streets. Well, I think I might do that for him, or my sons could do it, because we've all done it for so long now during the campaign. You can't imagine how much you can learn about people and what they're interested in. It's very, very important to us to stay close to the people.

Maclean's: *You come from a very small town, from an insular society, where all of this getting out and meeting the people cannot be part of your heritage. Where do you find the courage?*

Mrs. Carter: It's funny. People say to me, how will you manage in the White House when everyone knows every little detail of everything you do. And I say that I come from a small town and that everybody has always known everything that I ever did. And, you know, I've always done things that I didn't know I could do. It started when Jimmy set up our own business, peanut farming. It was my job to keep the books. I never had kept books before. But I got some texts out of the vocational technical school and I studied them. Our business started to build up and as it did I developed a very complicated bookkeeping system. I just found that I could do it because I had to do it. And then again when Jimmy ran for governor we had to work very hard from the very start, because we didn't have any money to back him. All the members of the family went in all different directions, and as we saw that we could do things we developed a confidence about it. When I first started in this campaign I was scared to death. I didn't know what people would expect me to know. I didn't know whether they would think that I should have solutions to all the problems in the country and in the world. But you learn that they don't expect that. They take you as you are. If I had not campaigned all this time and I had just been thrown into the White House now I think it would be very, very hard for me.



PHOTO: BARR, CANADAPRESS

I'VE ALWAYS WORKED HARD, AND THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME 'THE STEEL MAGNOLIA'

Maclean's: *You have been called a steel magnolia, and there has been a lot of comment about having a hard unfeminine attitude.*

Mrs. Carter: The papers have said a lot of things about me that really aren't true. I read once that I was going to make my own gown for the inauguration. Well, I do sew, but I would never attempt anything like that. They say I'm going to keep a temperance White House, but really I haven't decided anything about that, we served wine in the state house in Georgia, but we never did serve hard drinks because it was a tradition. And I was glad because I had a very small budget. Somebody asked me one day if I would have a square dance in the White House and I said that, yes, it might be fun. But since then I've read that I'm supposed to be having square dances all the time. But it's really not like that. People who have traveled with me say that I'm steely because they see me going from the early morning right through to late night campaigning and I do that. But again, you have to remember that when we started no one had heard of Jimmy Carter. We had to get out there and work. And for months, even after we started campaigning, the newspapers would run the lists of people running for President and they wouldn't even put Jimmy's name on it. There was no other way to get the attention. We just had to get out there and work. If we called a meeting we'd only get four or five people to attend. So we stopped having meetings. We went to the factories and shopping centres and so forth and worked hard. But I've always worked hard. And that's why they said I was a steel magnolia. Because they saw me going on, day in, day out. And don't think I wasn't tired. But it was exciting. And I wouldn't have missed any of it for anything.

Maclean's: *Do you think that being from the South, and all that it means, has been a disadvantage?*

Mrs. Carter: I don't think so. When we first started campaigning, we thought it might be a problem, but it has not turned out to be that way at all. When we go into areas and people get to know Jimmy, in every instance, when they get to know Jimmy they vote for him. North, south, east, west it doesn't matter. In fact I think we've made a lot of progress in the South, and I think people realize that, and I think it's turned out to be an advantage.



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Maclean's: *It has often been said that campaigning by political wives really doesn't do any good, that they never win any votes for anyone — that it's best for them to stay out of their husband's work.*

Mrs. Carter: That is just not true in our case. It might be with others I am involved with the decision making alongside Jimmy. He has always asked me my advice when there's been a big decision. Even when he reorganized the state government he'd check with me, and I think my going out and representing Jimmy helps. I can call attention to him. I have studied his record so closely that I know his positions on everything. I can explain them to people who might not understand, or might have to question. I think that makes an impression and makes my role very worthwhile.

Maclean's: *Mrs. Ford has been highly praised for urging her husband to give more power to women in government. Will you press Mr. Carter to do the same?*

Mrs. Carter: We really don't have to convince Jimmy about a greater role for women. There will be women in the cabinet—I'm confident of it. To me the equal rights amendment means that women have equal legal rights and should get equal pay for work. During my travels through the states I found some state laws where a woman could not even get auto insurance without a man's signature. No one believes in the family more than I do. I just think women should have a chance to choose whether they want to stay at home or not.

Maclean's: *Again looking back on Mrs. Ford, she has said some things that embarrassed the President. Do you check everything before you put it in a speech?*

Mrs. Carter: My husband has never told me what to say or not to say, but if I think something could be harmful I ask him about it. And I tell him about the problems as I see them. I tell him about what people are saying, about what the criticism is and what I think he should do about it. When Jimmy was running for governor I toured the state's mental health facilities and that night Jimmy was at a reception so I walked through the receiving line and surprised him. I said, 'Hello. I'm Rosalynn Carter and I want to know what you're going to do about the deplorable condition of mental health facilities in this state if you're elected.' And he said, 'I'm going to do the very best job and I'm going to put you in charge.' And he did. It was my white papers on mental health that he accepted.

Maclean's: *You and your husband obviously have a very close relationship. you help each other with everything.*

Mrs. Carter: Yes. He even helps clear the table, do the dishes and make the beds. We've always been busy together. There's never a dull moment. We never had a chance to be bored.

Maclean's: *You have learned from each other.*

Mrs. Carter: That's very true. When we came home from the navy and Jimmy would be gone most of the day, he would come home for lunch and for dinner and bring whoever was with him. I was really upset because I felt that the house had to be cleaned and the food just right. But he taught me a long time ago to do what you can—it doesn't have to be perfect—and don't worry about it. Just try to relax.

Maclean's: *As a devout Baptist I understand that the protestant work ethic is very important to you.*



HAVE I EVER LUSTED AFTER OTHER MEN? WELL, IF I HAD I WOULDN'T TELL YOU

Mrs. Carter: It is. It's very important to me. I feel that most people want to work. I feel that when somebody works they feel they are contributing something and that is so important. I think that people who can't find jobs don't have anything to occupy their minds and that leads to so much unhappiness. Like in so many other things I look back to my own family, and our boys came back to the peanut warehouse to work after they had finished school. And they worked on weekends, and I don't ever remember them complaining about it. It always pleased them, and they always had something to do. And I think that so many times young people get into trouble—and you can tell that now in the inner city where the crime rate has gone up so high—it's because they can't find a job. But I think that most people in our country work very, very hard for a living, and it's because they want to do that and because it makes the most of their lives.

Maclean's: *They say that you hardly ever entertain, that you never go to the movies or even out to dinner together, that it's work, work, work all the time. Doesn't all work and no play make Jack a dull boy?*

Mrs. Carter: We've been out campaigning so much of the time that when we're home we just want to stay home. It's true we hardly ever go out socializing. We just want to be home with each other and with Amy and with our family. I think it might be true that all work and no play makes you dull, but we've so much enjoyed what we've been doing that it doesn't apply. And we've always known that there would be an end to all of this some day. That one day there'd be no more campaigning. And when that happens I'm going back to my home in Plains and I'm going to play. Every week we make it a project to get out with Amy to go walking on the farm out in the fields and just get completely away from it and have that time to ourselves and to just relax. And that's very important.

Maclean's: *You talk a lot about the spirit of your tenure as first lady, but what about specifics?*

Mrs. Carter: I can think of one right away. I want to have an exchange program with different countries throughout the world. When Jimmy was governor we sent 200 Georgians to Brazil every year and the same number of Brazilians came to Georgia. We paid our way and the Brazilians paid theirs. We stayed in their homes and they stayed in ours. It makes the expenses very low. And when things happen in Brazil now people in Georgia are very interested, because over the last four or five years so many people have been to Brazil. And now I want to start a program for the whole of our country similar to that. Every state would have a brother country that they send people into. I think that could create such great goodwill in the world. I can just imagine the day when planes take off from all 50 states in the United States going to other countries. We could all study the languages a little bit, have sort of a crash course so we would know how to get around a little bit. And then to have all those people come visit our country, every nation to a different state. I think it would just be great. There would be so much friendship and fellowship. I'm looking forward to getting this program started.

Maclean's: *There was a great deal of furor during the campaign when your husband gave an interview to* Playboy *and said that he has lusted after other women. Have you ever lusted after other men?*

Mrs. Carter (with a giggle): If I had, I wouldn't tell you.

Lévesque can only propose separation English Canada can make it inevitable

Column by Peter C. Newman



Politics is ultimately not a science decided by the elegant droppings of computers but an exercise in magic filled with illusions and enchantments challenges that a man will happily invent to test himself against. René Levesque knew this and so did Bryce Mackasey Robert Bourassa did not He came at the voters with the oblivious air of one of those frigid creatures who permanently inhabit the glass souvenirs sold at Niagara Falls (You shake it and the artificial snow flakes swirl about—but there is no way to tell the little man gazing out through his protective shell that the seasons have changed)

Bourassa thought he could embrace power in the name of federalism instead he disgraced democracy in the name of confederation By the end of his inept campaign the Liberal leader was acting like the Brylcreemed head of a retreating army that has lived off the land for so long that its soldiers (and generals) have long since forgotten the original patriotic impulse for their war Baffled by signs of his impending defeat he soiled the air with his threats and his fears Liberal ministers roamed the province demonstrating all the instincts of dogs except for loyalty

In contrast Rene Lévesque's campaign had about it the clan of those World War II films glorifying the French resistance movement—all throwaway heroics and noble enunciations As the campaign progressed the Parti Quebecois leader kept hunching over as if he were standing permanently under a low leaky roof on a rainy day It was at the televised press conferences that his skill as a professional performer really came out He has mastered the art of the pause When he s asked a question he hesitates not, it seems to protect himself from careless answers but to intrude into his own privacy the way a child does so that he can come up with a full and true reply His blue eyes darting like hyper minnows from one camera to another his mouth forming that tight loop of sincerity that TV can best appreciate he kept hinting that some of his best friends were WASPS that somehow we would all survive and prosper together

Lévesque just could be right But no accommodation will be possible with the New Quebec until and unless English Canada begins to understand this pivotal politician whose moods and methods, whose ideology and sense of priorities will produce a new country hopefully with Quebec still within its borders (At the same time, Lévesque and his ministers will have to realize that typical WASPS no longer are people in pastel clothes with pale pale skins who eat porridge muffins and drink tea for breakfast basking in the spiritual invincibility that is their reward for generations spent trying to uplift the natives of the countries they've conquered)

Even if Lévesque's amazing sweep was less a vote for separation than a celebration of the true root and flow of democracy the party he leads was created for only one purpose to turn Quebec into an independent republic In the interval Lévesque must walk the same tightrope as all other Quebec premiers Any overt evidence of punitive attitudes from English Canada could turn the 1978 referendum into a separation mandate The terms of that plebiscite will be set as much outside of Quebec as within it

The key to the province's future may be Lévesque's decision about maintaining a common currency should separation ever occur Keeping the same dollar would imply common tariffs coordination of monetary policies equal exchange rates and other steps which just might retain enough links so that Levesque would come away with an arrangement he could choose to call "independence" while Pierre Trudeau might be left with something he could still label "national unity"

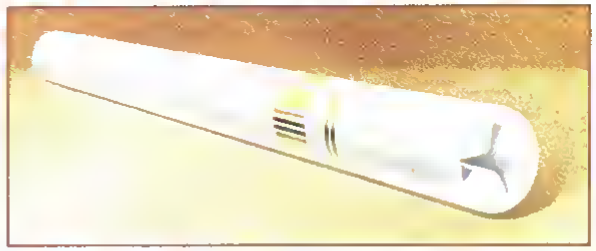
In a way Quebec has always set the cultural tone of this country Now it commands our political mood as well The essence of politics has always been power not law and Quebec intends to advance her case by straining against the reality not the legality, of the current situation This will require at the very least a brand new Canadian constitution which would make it the sixth in a series of fundamentally different arrangements that have historically governed French-English relations in this country (The others were dated 1763, 1774 1791, 1840 and 1867) "Too many people" Daniel Johnson the former Union Nationale premier of Quebec once told me "treat the British North America Act like a sacred cow even though it's been violated many times in closed hotel rooms at federal-provincial conferences"

Whether French Canadians continue to like us is less important than what value we place on each other how useful both parties can be within a continuing Canadian alliance As Lévesque and his disciples coo the siren song of self-determination the political leaders of English Canada will find themselves faced with new challenges to their sense of moderation Having no familiar framework within which to fit Quebec's inexorable impulse toward social change they will be tempted to interpret each of Lévesque's moves to limit federal powers as the hot breath of revolution

What makes Quebec different what allowed Levesque to win was that his sense of country had long ago moved beyond policy or even ideology At this critical juncture of Canadian history he finds himself buoyed up by the existential superiority that Albert Camus once described in a letter to a friend "This is what separated us from you you were satisfied to serve the power of your nation while we dreamed of giving ours her truth"

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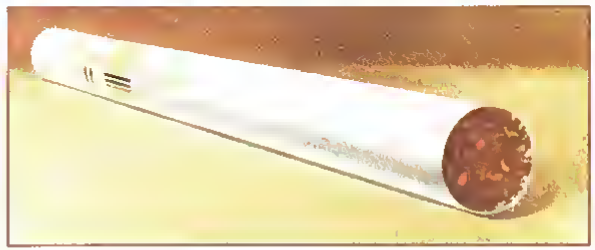
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Letters

What goes on must come off

James Paupst's explanation and concern for obesity and its many dimensions (October 4) are applaudable, but he has misled your readers in his basic premise that "The key to obesity, of course, is overeating..." In fact many studies on obesity have shown it to be primarily a result of two factors—overeating and inactivity, with the more important determinant of the two being inactivity!

Although he ends by suggesting that food and activity are both important in achieving the important behavioral change necessary for weight control, he serves an injustice to the importance of physical activity by earlier stating that "exercise is only a small part of the answer to obesity." Clearly both caloric intake (food) and caloric expenditure (activity) are important to any successful weight reduction program. If a judgment is to be made on the relative importance of these two components (which of course are interrelated) then it must be noted that the degree of physical activity is the more important factor.

ERIC WILLIS, DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND ATHLETICS, YORK UNIVERSITY, TORONTO

Please don't feed the authors

If *Farthing's Fortunes* (Books, October 18) was a non-fiction account of the problems of having a tiny, furry body, needle-sharp teeth and a propensity to bite fingers, then Barbara Amiel would be justified in telling us her opinion that Richard Wright looks "rather like a sandy-haired ferret." But since Wright's book is a big, rollicking novel with scores of all-too-human characters and not a single rodent, her opinion is surely—at the very least, irrelevant—as irrelevant as the information that the excellent Amiel looks like a Thomson's gazelle, say, or a wildebeest. Since she has raised the point, however, it seems reasonable for me to send along this photograph so your readers can see for themselves what a fine looking fellow he is, without even a trace of overbite.



CANADIAN PRESS — PETER JOHNSTON

Author Wright, critic Amiel: for the record

DOUGLAS M. GIBSON, EDITORIAL DIRECTOR, TRADE DIVISION, MACMILLAN OF CANADA, TORONTO

Where credit is due

I have just read *$1.35 Of Protection Is Worth $30,000 Of Cure* (October 18) on the urine-testing program taking place in the Ottawa area schools sponsored by the local chapter of the Kidney Foundation. As a volunteer I am pleased to see this program get the country-wide publicity it deserves. However, I am astonished that the coordinator and driving force behind the project, Mrs. Dorothy Ginsberg, was not even mentioned.

Mrs. Ginsberg has collected a small core group of about a dozen dedicated volunteers who spend two to three days a week on the program and a larger group (of which I am one), who work in the various areas of the city, as required. She is the one who gains the cooperation of the principals of the various schools, finds a key mother in the school who, in turn, enlists the help of other mothers for the two to three days it may take to complete the testing. You will appreciate that dealing with all these people requires very special talents. Mrs. Ginsberg is tirelessly cheerful, efficient, adept at smoothing ruffled feathers, and totally dedicated to her work.

MURIEL KNIGHT, OTTAWA

Est-ce qu'on parle français?

I doubt that Labatt's slogan "Faut se parler" has anything to do with "French in the air" as *Maclean's* says in *The Plains Of Abraham, Part Two* (October 18). The Labatt's slogan was launched over a year ago. Furthermore, Graham Fraser's command of the French language is put in doubt by his error on the first part of the slogan. Instead of "Nous sommes six millions," it actually reads, "On est six millions."

S. ROBINSON, OTTAWA

Less to this than meets the eye

It would be nice if southern tourist-reporters like Marci McDonald would check facts, so other Canadians can make informed judgments and not write off other Canadian northerners as non-persons. The Indian people of the North, the Dene, as they like to be called, do not represent the majority of the North's population as you say in *The Riddle Of Nelson Small Legs* (October 18). Out of a population of approximately 42,000 there are approximately 8,000 Indian people, 2,000 Métis,

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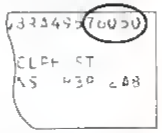
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15,000 Eskimo people (Inuit) and 17,000 "others." In the Mackenzie District "others" form a substantial majority and even more so in the Yukon Territory. But they are very substantially outnumbered by Eskimo people in the Districts of Keewatin and Franklin.

COLIN ALEXANDER, SASKATOON

Yet another cross to bear

I read *The Spirit Of '78* (October 18) where you say Joe Clark was at the Norfolk County Fair "handing out awards for tobacco growing, cheerleading and a tug-of-war victory by burly students from Rutherford High." Rutherford High! Surely it was Waterford District High School, alma mater of the Honorable Paul Hellyer. Ah, how quickly we forget!

JAMES R. COGGINS, HAMILTON, ONT.

How long can we go on like this?

I read with interest your excellent interview with C. Jackson Grayson (November 1) on the subject of economic controls. Rightly or wrongly, we in Canada are in the midst of a control program, and it is essential that we make it work. When controls were invoked in both the United States and Britain a few years ago, both plans were initially successful and inflation was clearly checked. Neither country, however, made any serious attempt to curtail the deficit financing syndrome, with its inevitable excessive borrowing and attendant inflation of the money supply. The result, in both cases, was the buildup of inflationary pressures which made themselves felt as soon as the controls were removed. As Grayson observes, the very existence of controls can lead to a tendency "to expand your monetary and fiscal policies a little bit more because you figure the controls are going to save you."

While it is the politician's art to decide how firmly he can apply the brakes, and to what extent he must keep the priming in the pump, the Canadian government has as yet given little evidence of bringing its own expenditures, and those of the provinces down to a pay-as-you-go basis. The latter is absolutely essential if we are not to repeat the mistake made by the United States and Britain. It cannot be achieved by merely paying lip service to controlling the money supply while borrowing money abroad like drunken sailors.

The Canadian controls program, whether we like it or not, has initially done exactly what it was intended to do—it has curtailed runaway wage and price inflation to give us a breathing spell in which we can correct the basic evils causing the problem. But with the program more than a year old it is now high time for the federal government to give the lead, and to demand conformity by the provinces in getting down to a cash economy and the elementary but always successful system of living within your income. If we do not, heaven help us when the lid comes off.

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Who says: 'Gimme gimme never gets'?

What Price Controls? (October 18) states "But greed is not the cause of inflation. The appetite for material possessions was no less strong in the past at times of stable or even declining prices, and there's no reason to suppose Canadian greed suddenly started to increase at more than 10% a year . . ." The fact is that greed is now organized, made legitimate, given power and political clout. The trouble with the AIB is that its rulings have been in proportion to the political influence of the subjects of its rulings. For example (an extreme one, I agree), this year newspapers reported that the board had ruled the Teamsters wage increase should be reduced to 18% from 35%, lowering their hourly rate after two years to $10.28 from $11.76. This was in reference to an agreement between the Transport Labor Relations Association and Teamsters Union involving truck drivers employed by 97 British Columbia trucking companies. This was not long after miners at Thompson, Manitoba, had negotiated a contract giving 18.5% the first year, 7.3% the second year and 6.3% the third year on a basic rate of $4.43 an hour. The AIB ordered that increase reduced to 12.9%. Now one might well expect that a tough, dirty and dangerous job in one of Canada's main primary and wealth-producing industries, in a climate as severe as Manitoba's, would be worth more than the less skilled job of driving a truck in BC. The AIB considered it to be worth about half as much.

If the wages of labor were subject to the laws of supply and demand, no doubt the miner would make more than the truck driver, perhaps as much as the carpenter, electrician and plumber. Workers are tied into monopolistic positions. Many of the unemployed would like to learn a trade, particularly one of the building trades, but they find it impossible since they are kept out by the unions. During the recent labor Day of Protest, I heard one union member state that he was protesting because the AIB would not control rent and food. How could he expect rents not to be high when building tradesmen make $12 to $14 an hour? Food will also have to rise in price in the long run. Last year, driving a tractor on a farm in this area, a man made three dollars an hour 10 hours a day. What would the price of food be if he had been making $10 plus overtime, the same as many truck drivers?

If we do not return to a free enterprise system, free from the dictatorship of the unions, we will eventually have a system entirely devoid of freedom.

G.A. ROSE, VICTORIA

Foreign assets

Maclean's claims to be Canada's News magazine. If this is truly your goal, then I applaud it. But surely the photograph of Valerie Perrine that appeared in People (October 18) is inconsistent with this lofty aim. Perrine's breasts are not to my mind

HOW TO RECOGNIZE A GOOD BOTTLE OF WINE BY ITS LABEL. Appellation controlee, quality numbers, suppliers names and other information probably won't mean much unless you've tasted the wine before. So the people at Sainsbury's have decided to make life a little easier. Below are two moderately priced imported wines, represented by Sainsbury International. Next time you go shopping for wine, match the labels up with the real thing. It's a great way to experience some good wines you probably never even knew existed before.

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news The sniggering schoolboyish "blurb" that accompanied the photograph was in exceedingly poor taste—degrading to all women and to Perrine in particular

DALE WILLIAMS LACHINE QUE

A sailor's lot is an even unhappier one

In Preview *Water Water Everywhere* (October 4) *Maclean's* suggests that Vice-Admiral Douglas Boyle has reason to grumble about lack of capacity to police the extended waters off Canada's 58,000 miles of seacoast after January 1 1977 Actually Vice Admiral Boyle has about three times as much reason to grumble than you give him credit for because Canada claims the longest coastline of any country in the world—151 489 miles of it when the coast lines of all 52 210 Canadian islands are counted in the total.

J F TRUITT BAINBRIDGE ISLAND WASHINGTON

Johnny, we hardly knew you

I suggest that *Maclean's* television critic Martin Knelman only review the technical or artistic qualities of television programs In this field I am certain he is competent However I feel that his judgment of Diefenbaker in his review of *One Canadian in This Is How Dief Saw It* (October 18) was only an echo of the opinionated class of '63 Knelman accuses Diefenbaker of paranoia and lists the sources of this condition If one gives honest consideration to this matter it should be recognized that the anti-Diefenbaker campaign was a reality Is it paranoic to recognize legitimate threats? For instance John Kennedy did do his best to discredit the former Prime Minister and it was his influence with the editor of *Time* that launched a campaign of ridicule against Diefenbaker

Knelman made light of the program's introduction which used part of a speech made by Diefenbaker in 1956 It was not "bombast " To most it was inspirational a quality not found in today's political speeches Would Knelman prefer an uncaring shrug and a muttered obscenity?

R E WELAMAN THAMESVILLE, ONT

Prisoners of the (small) mind

Allan Fotheringham has, as usual, written in a manner guaranteed to provoke response In *Canada Doesn't Have To Execute People Any More It Just Sentences Them To Neglect* (October 18) on our penal system he has appeared to lay all the blame at the feet of the Liberal government, while understating the responsibility of us all Abolition of capital punishment was not only a governmental decision Mankind has to move beyond the fallacy that capital punishment is a deterrent to murder, or will compensate the victim, just as most societies have moved beyond the notion that cannibalism endows the eater with the attributes of the eaten Having made that essential move, we now have to face the alternatives

The conditions in the detention centres of Canada are appalling in terms of human dignity—it is a shocking experience. This situation serves no useful purpose toward the future rehabilitation of those individuals, on the contrary, it simply alienates them further This cannot be blamed entirely on our government How many attempts at rebuilding by the government have been prevented by communities whose attitudes are always "Rebuilding, yes, but not here"? Do we train and pay our prison guards suitably for the extremely difficult job that they do? Would we further help them after training to follow better principles and practices despite pressures put upon them by an ignorant, yet loud-voiced minority? If these factors were improved, communities need have no fear of such institutions in their midst.

S A FALLE, HEFFLEY CREEK BC

Allan Fotheringham states in his tearful diatribe on the prison situation that the Liberals fail to take the responsibility for the deaths of criminals in our prison system Does this indicate that Fotheringham, or any other of the professional bleeding hearts, is prepared to accept his rightful responsibility for the death, rape and injury committed by convicts—men who should be behind bars but who have "earned" parole men who should be confined for life but have been "rehabilitated," men who would have been executed to prevent them from repeating their heinous crimes but have been spared (for parole or escape) by an "enlightened" government? It is his efforts, and the efforts of others like him, that allow criminals and deviates to walk freely in our midst It is strange that our most intelligent individuals can ignore the pain and suffering that their thoughtless philanthropy will bring upon nameless innocent victims in future years Strange and sad, because these same intelligent citizens should also be those most "responsible"

GLEN MOREHOUSE, ZEPHYR ONT

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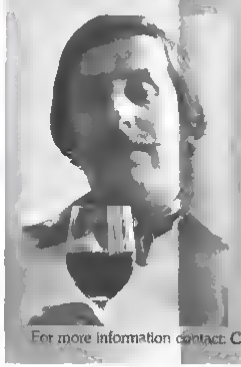
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Preview

A script for separation—open, of course, to revisions

There may be some Canadians, Quebec separatists among them, who think of the secession of Quebec as a matter of simple logistics following the election of the Parti Québécois. That, of course, is not so. The PQ platform calls for quick passage of a bill giving the Quebec government a mandate to negotiate an "orderly transfer of jurisdictions" from Ottawa to Quebec. Prime Minister Trudeau has already said there's no way. The next step, then, is the plebiscite that Premier René Lévesque has pledged to place before Quebec voters. If it passes, Lévesque would still have to ask Ottawa to petition the British parliament to change the British North America Act (providing the BNA hasn't been "patriated" by that time) to permit Quebec to separate. Ottawa would then have three options. It could refuse to discuss the matter. Or it could put the request, without reservations, before parliament in the form of a bill. Or it could—and likely would, given the moral force of a plebiscite—say, okay—but with conditions. Then, as senator and constitutional expert Eugene Forsey says, "the real problems would start." Among them: the allocation of the national debt, ownership of the St. Lawrence Seaway, how federal assets such as the CNR, Air Canada, the CBC and the airports would be divided, the Labrador question (the PQ claims Labrador, but it's currently part of Newfoundland) and on and on and on. On the other hand, there may be a much simpler, if more fraught-with-peril solution: a simple declaration by Quebec that it will henceforth be a country, not a province, basically, what the Americans did in 1776. Could it work? Only if a sufficient number of foreign countries immediately recognized the Republic of Quebec. "Illegality," says Professor Jacques Brossard, an expert on separation procedure at the University of Montreal, "can become legality when it is accepted by others."



Forsey: Lévesque has made the play-off; now it gets tough

Who says there are no jobs?

Jean Boggs' resignation as director of Ottawa's National Gallery last May was tinged with a certain amount of acrimony. Still there is no reason to suspect that when she said, two days later, "Let's hope the new director will be marvelous" that she was being less than sincere. The gallery, however, still has no director, marvelous or otherwise, and as Boggs plies her talents at the Harvard Fine Arts department, the search goes on. The "short list" includes David Silcox, now director of cultural affairs for Metro Toronto, who's considered to be strong on contemporary Canadian art but little else; Luke Rombout, director of the Vancouver Art Gallery who left Ottawa's Art Bank two years ago to "get out of a high-profile situation"; William R. Johnston and John Martin, both Canadians, who are, respectively, assistant director of the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore and chairman of art and archaeology at Princeton; Pierre Theberge and Brydon Smith, both left over at the National Gallery from the Boggs era. "Is this," asked a Canadian art expert, "the best they can come up with? The list speaks eloquently of the tragedy of Jean Boggs' resignation."

The rest of Reagan

In the film *King's Row*, Ronald Reagan has his legs cut off by a malevolent doctor, prompting him to moan: "What happened to the rest of me?" His presidential legs may have been cut off in Kansas City in August, when the Republican Party turned him down in favor of Gerald Ford, but what's left is becoming a focus for the remnants of the party—he is and has been for some time the leader of American conservatives—and he has made it clear that his political days are far from over. A likely scenario which could begin as soon as January with a party reorganization and reassessment of aim, would have Reagan rather than Ford emerging as Mr. Republican, while his age works against him as a 1980 Presidential candidate (he'll be 69 then) he may settle for the role of kingmaker—in fact he is reportedly talent-hunting right now.

Eat your heart out, Nessie

The Japanese fascination with monsters is well-documented, and not just by the endless production of films starring pterodactyls, tyrannosauri, and 40-foot apes. Their television crews have also haunted Loch Ness for years. And next summer Nippon TV is likely to be setting up cameras along the shores of Quebec's Lake Pobénégamook (about 120 miles northeast of Quebec City) where a Nessie-like monster is supposed to dwell. Along the way, NTV will have another look for Ogopogo in BC's Lake Okanagan (they were there this past summer, interviewing witnesses attesting to that Monster's existence) and perhaps at Lake Winnipeg in Manitoba and Lac Seul in Northern Ontario (not far from Stoux Lookout) where other sightings are alleged to have taken place.

Editor's Note

In a Preview item in the issue of October 18, *Maclean's* erroneously referred to Gerry Robinson as a lobbyist for U.S. border television stations seeking to overturn some of the clauses of Bill C-58 restricting Canadian advertising on U.S. stations. Robinson was formerly associated with the law firm of Gowling and Henderson in Ottawa which did legal work for TV stations in Buffalo, but has not at any time been a lobbyist for those stations. He severed his connections with Gowling and Henderson upon being appointed national director of the Liberal Party of Canada on October 1, 1975, and has not acted for any private interests in any capacity since that time. *Maclean's* regrets any embarrassment caused by the error and apologizes to Robinson.

Canada

Time to start thinking the unthinkable

At the candidate's headquarters in a small shopping plaza in Longueuil across the St Lawrence from Montreal, campaign workers went wild when the first poll in Taillon riding was announced at 8 10 p m René Lévesque, 60 votes, his Liberal opponent, 27 It was a sign that was to hold good for the rest of election night, in Taillon and across Quebec When the victory of his Parti Québécois seemed assured—and Robert Bourassa, the Liberal premier defeated after 6½ years in office, had with surprising graciousness conceded defeat—Lévesque appeared before ecstatic supporters at a Montreal arena "Politically it is the most beautiful and perhaps the most important evening in the history of Quebec," he declared Then, after a congratulatory telegram from Quebec chansonnier Gilles Vigneault in Paris was read, Lévesque walked out into the crisp snowy night—perfect weather for election day in the province of Vigneault's nationalist song *Mon Pays (c'est l'hiver)*

For others such as Pierre Marois a newly elected PQ member it "felt like spring—maple sugar time This is the beginning of a new spring in Quebec" The weather did indeed turn balmy for a few days, and in the wake of the PQ's stunning defeat of the Liberals the climate in Montreal and across Quebec was electric. Cars honked their way across the predominantly French-speaking eastern half of Montreal and champagne flowed in the newsroom of Montreal's largest daily, *La Presse* Quebeckers who delightedly savored the moment had several reasons for doing so—some, probably a small minority, because the party dedicated to leading Quebec to independence had taken power after an eight-year struggle, others because the deeply unpopular and discredited Bourassa regime had been trounced

For the third time since he came to office in 1970, the colorless, calculating Bourassa had sought victory by playing on fears of independence, and shrilly asking for a "third strike" against the separatists But over the years Bourassa's government had been tarnished by a continuing series of scandals, economic foul-ups and a general appearance of purposelessness By contrast, Lévesque's PQ, campaigned in a deliberately low-key style, promising honest, reformist government with a social democratic character, and played down, without denying, its separatist stand A spoiler party was in the field in the form of a resuscitated Union Nationale under the likable, bearded Rodrigue Biron a bilingual businessman Disenchanted by Bourassa's



A dejected Bourassa (above) and a triumphant Lévesque (facing page): proving again that elections are lost, not won?

controversial Bill 22 language legislation, anglophone and French voters in the Eastern Townships and other areas flocked to the UN, and helped give the party enough support to split the vote and allow the PQ in On the French side, Bourassa's politics of fear was no longer working "I'm a war veteran," explained a Montreal cabbie "I fought against that kind of fear I voted PQ for the first time because of that fear campaign" The final result the PQ 69 seats, Liberals 28, UN 11, Créditiste 1, Parti National Populaire 1.*

The victorious Lévesque's first promise was to "work for a country that will be greater than ever before for all Quebeckers" The next day, he went out of his way to reassure the province's 1.2 million anglophones that they were still wanted, Bill 22's language testing provisions for immigrant children would be repealed, but all immigrant children in the future would automatically attend French schools In the meantime, the English-speaking school system would be preserved, probably under a quota system Lévesque also moved to calm the financial community (see Business) As for the crucial issue of separation Lévesque promised that his government would behave as a normal provincial government—his ministers would even swear loyalty to the Crown—until Quebeckers affirm their desire for independence in a referendum (The PQ government will as a pure formality first propose to Ottawa that negotiations on separation begin—a suggestion Trudeau will flatly refuse) The first referendum will probably be held in two or three years, but even Lévesque has conceded that more than one (after another election) will almost certainly be necessary before the province is ready—if it ever is—to take the plunge

From Ottawa, the first visible response to the PQ win was a frigid statement by Pierre Trudeau, who came to power in 1968 on an implicit promise to quell Quebec's nationalist strivings His government, he tersely told the Commons, remained dedicated to an "inseparable Canada a Canada which is indivisible' and had no intention of negotiating "any form of separatism with any province" The generally muted federal response was in part due to surprise "People probably thought that we had a file marked 'PQ Majority Government' that we could pull out and it would tell us what to do," said a Liberal insider "Well we didn't" Among federal Liberals, the PQ victory appeared to have solidified the ranks behind Trudeau he was given a standing ovation at a caucus meeting following the election But among English Canadians, with whom he is already unpopular, the PQ win could do further damage Perhaps sensing that, former finance minister John Turner, who is still reckoned a potential successor, blasted federal economic policies before a Toronto audience and suggested that it was not enough for the PM to declare that he would not negotiate separatism "We must show Quebeckers" said Turner, "that their membership in confederation is essential"

Instead Ottawa responded by trying to convince Quebeckers of how important Confederation is to them Finance Minister Donald Macdonald traveled to Sept-Iles to deliver what amounted to a laundry list recital of federal aid to the province, while Marcel Lessard, Minister of Regional Economic Expansion, promised to let Quebeckers know what his department is doing for them In the meantime, federal Liberals considered a number of broader initiatives, and rejected all of them Among the possibilities were a federal

**Standings at dissolution in the 110-seat National Assembly Liberals 96 PQ 6 Parti National Populaire 2 UN 1 Créditiste 1 Independent 2 Vacant 2*



The man who cried not just 'I am!' but 'We are!'



Lévesque, comforted by Laurin after the loss in 1973: destiny was not to be denied

After the 1973 Quebec election, a widely published newspaper photograph showed René Lévesque, his eyes heavily pouched with fatigue, staring grimly at the two microphones before him. With one hand, he grasped the arm of his weeping Parti Québécois colleague, Camille Laurin, who, like Lévesque, had just gone down to defeat before Robert Bourassa's Liberals. The images of this fall's Quebec election reflected a dramatically different reality. Lévesque, shoulders hunched in a characteristic, almost self-effacing shrug, waiting to address thousands of cheering supporters in his moment of victory at Montreal's Paul Sauvé arena. Once again, Camille Laurin is beside him, this time wearing a wide grin. It was a moment of extraordinary vindication for Lévesque, who has been a fixture on the Quebec political scene for 16 years but had suffered defeat at the polls twice and at one time was close to being written off as a political force.

A onetime broadcaster, journalist and war correspondent, Lévesque, 54, was a prominent member of the Liberal administrations of the early Sixties that ushered in Quebec's Quiet Revolution. Then, in 1967, he split with the Liberals to join the growing separatist movement in the province and in 1968 helped bring the PQ into being. As his party struggled for political success, Lévesque often had to return to broadcasting and writing to help support himself. But the diminutive (five-foot-six) eloquent and determined Lévesque remained a familiar figure. With his rumpled clothes, thinning hair and pug-nosed elfin features, the chain-smoking fluently bilingual Lévesque radiated an image of honesty and frenetic energy.

Another distinct political asset is Lévesque's capacity for convincing ordinary Quebeckers that he is one of them. At one point during the campaign, Lévesque stopped for lunch at a tavern in Mont Joli in his native Gaspé region. After a while, a man who spent 12 years working for the Quebec Liberals stood and observed: "It looks as though nobody is going to introduce Mr. Lévesque, who's sitting here incognito, so it's up to a little truck driver like me to do it. Mr. Lévesque is a Gaspé boy like the rest of us, and I think we should give him a good welcome." On election night Lévesque had to take time out from visiting polling stations in his own Taillon riding to handle a situation that had campaign workers worried: with two hours of voting to go, one polling station was running dangerously short of pencils.

René Lévesque was born August 24, 1922 in the village of New Carlisle, Que., an English-speaking bastion on the south shore of the Gaspé peninsula, the first of four children born to Dominique and Diane Lévesque. Raised to speak both French and English, Lévesque nonetheless was embroiled in frequent altercations with young anglophones. "That was part of life," he recalled later. "At times my father, who was a lawyer, had to accompany me right to school, his cane in hand, to get me by the street corner where the English kids were waiting for me." Educated locally and later by Jesuits in the town of Gaspé, 115 miles east of New Carlisle, Lévesque was only 13 when he got his first job as a translator and announcer on a New Carlisle radio station. After the death of his father, the Lévesque family moved to Quebec City where René studied law at Laval University for three years before losing interest. Facing the prospect of being conscripted in 1943, Lévesque went to New York and signed on to serve as a journalist with the French-language division of the U.S. Office of War Information in England and Europe. "Anything to get overseas," Lévesque remarked later, "but not in His Majesty's uniform."

Returning to Canada after the war, Lévesque joined the CBC's International Service in Montreal, served as a correspondent in Korea in 1951 and by 1956 had emerged as the star of the CBC French television program *Point de Mire*. A 69-day strike by 74 French Radio-Canada producers in 1959 proved to be a turning point in Lévesque's political evolution. As a member of the strikers' negotiating committee he met with then labor minister Michael Starr in Ottawa and remembers: "Not only did he not understand one word of French, but he didn't understand one damned word of what the French network was trying to say."

In 1960, Lévesque decided to run as a candidate for Jean Lesage's provincial Liberals and became a cabinet minister after that year's Grit victory. Serving variously as minister of public works, natural resources and social assistance, Lévesque in 1962 spearheaded the Lesage government's take-over of the province's private hydroelectric firms, which became part of the provincially owned Hydro-Quebec. His leaning toward Quebec independence was becoming more pronounced. "I am a Quebecker first," he told a Toronto audience in 1963, "a French-Canadian second and I really have ... well, no sense at all of being a Canadian." Away from politics, one of Lévesque's favorite pastimes is reading nearly anything that comes to hand, from classics and science fiction to U.S. politics and history. Given to late nights and erratic schedules, Lévesque has been separated from his wife for six years.

In his treatise on sovereignty, Camille Laurin wrote: "Ever since I began working with him, René Lévesque seems to me to have understood and empathized with the contradictions facing every Québécois, which compel him to strive for liberation, and at the same time prevent him from achieving it. That is why he himself oscillates between the light and dark, impatience and confidence, tenderness and severity, scolding and the call to self-betterment whenever he thinks to himself or talks to others. This is why he plumbs his own depths when in need of counsel during times of crisis. This is why he is a symbol of contradiction in everyone's eyes, and an object of recognition, hatred, and love. This is why, quite simply, destiny could have chosen only him as the midwife of our destiny."

LINDA DIEBEL



Biron: to the spoiler goes a victory

election on the issue of national unity, a gamble that might backfire to the benefit of Joe Clark's federal Tories. A national referendum on separation, which was rejected on the grounds that most PQ supporters in Quebec would probably abstain, the idea of federal economic sanctions, a strategy that was dismissed as self-defeating and a sure prescription for separation. The final decision: to let Quebec make the next move.

Signs of what was to come showed up during a campaign in which little seemed to go right for the Liberals, and the PQ strategy turned out to be a masterpiece of political judgment. The mechanical quality of Bourassa's campaign was impressive, but not attractive. Liberal meeting halls were arranged in almost identical fashion: scarlet curtains behind the podium, cameramen positioned to face Bourassa's right, the side he prefers to be photographed from. But there were miscues. Too often, the Premier wound up amidst angry strikers, or entrances would go awry when Bourassa paused to have his hair recombed by his hairdresser. Once, an entire busload of journalists was sent off to Quebec's Beauce region—but Bourassa never showed up.

By contrast, the PQ campaign was restrained and smooth. A magnetic orator who speaks in explosive bursts, Lévesque toned down his once frazzled image in favor of a businesslike suit and tie. The PQ deliberately avoided mass rallies, which in earlier elections frightened voters by exaggerating PQ support. Sometimes, Lévesque was just lucky. Once when his helicopter became lost in fog and landed in the wrong place, Lévesque found himself in the midst of striking Hydro-Quebec workers who were eager to meet him.

For Bourassa, who decided on a fall election against his cabinet's advice, the result almost certainly spelled political oblivion. He was to step down as party chief January 1 and would probably be replaced as interim party leader by Gérard D. Lévesque (not a relative of René's), a longtime Liberal minister and deputy premier.

For René, who had spent a decade out in the political cold, it was a moment of unique triumph. Not only had he succeeded, against the expectations of so many, in bringing his party to power, but he finally had won a seat of his own after suffering personal defeat in both the 1970 and 1973 elections.

Elation over the PQ victory in some cases crossed party lines. Lise Bacon, a defeated Liberal cabinet minister, read into the vote "a new political maturity among Quebeckers." For scores of senior civil servants in Quebec City, election night was a signal to start cleaning out their desks, while for many former Liberals, who long ago joined the PQ, it was like a homecoming. "We left our careers, we left the ivory towers of government to work with ordinary people," said Bernard Landry, a former civil servant who was elected as a péquiste. "Now we're coming back to Quebec City with a base—our base." Among Montreal's anglophones, there was concern—and a determination not to panic. Said one Westmounter: "We love Quebec. It's our home, and I'm going to sit and see what happens." Said James Molloy, a salesman who lives in the Mount Royal district: "I'm not going to panic yet, though I believe there is a great threat to English-language rights."

Whatever the future may hold, Lévesque could not help but be keenly aware that a referendum on separation has no hope of passing until he has proved that his party can provide good government. The major challenges facing the new government are nearly all economic: the $1.5 billion Olympic deficit, the ever-escalating costs of the James Bay hydroelectric project, high unemployment and a slump in key industrial sectors that may worsen this winter. On the plus side, a PQ government may be able to avoid the almost constant state of crisis with organized labor that plagued the Liberals. Many unionists are péquistes and Lévesque has a reputation for bargaining in good faith. Moreover, every key element of the platform—nationalized auto insurance, extended medicare and dental care, and promotion of housing restoration and construction—is within the power of a provincial government to enact, though with the economic climate uncertain some of those promises may have to wait.

Another factor going for the new Premier—and, conceivably, the last Premier—of Quebec, is that there is no longer any real suggestion that he might be only a transitional leader, as was Aleksandr Kerensky who preceded Lenin to power after the Russian Revolution. Lévesque has ensured that by ruthlessly purging radicals from the party's ranks. Today, says the PQ's Robert Burns, who has sometimes been depicted as a radical himself, "I don't see many in the party who see independence as an end in itself. I see lots who see it as a means to an end." Yet the commitment to a referendum remains a fundamental article of PQ faith. According to polls taken shortly before the election, only 18% of Quebeckers favor separation. The PQ believes they can make that figure grow, and the party will only be helped by the kind of state of mind in English Canada that was turned up by two University of Calgary pollsters early this year. They discovered that of 1,383 English Canadians interviewed, only 45% felt it would make a difference if Quebec separated. Given the recent, ungenerous backlash against federal bilingualism that suggested that the final decision on Quebec's future might not be made solely in that province—but by the nation as a whole.

GRAHAM FRASER WITH BUREAU REPORTS

Enter the new order

In the days immediately following Quebec's overthrow election, a tightly knit group of old friends quickly emerged as René Lévesque's inner circle. Chief among the coterie, most of whom have worked together for years, was Michel Carpentier, the 31-year-old political strategist who or-





Burns and Payette (above), Jacques-Yvan Morin and Carpentier (below): the best and the brightest? History will judge

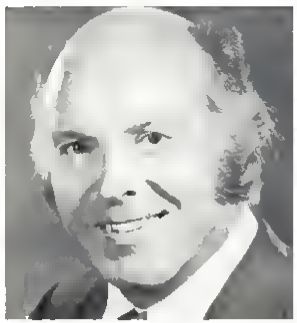
chestrated the new premier's smoothly executed campaign plan. A graduate of the University of Montreal (MA in political science), Carpentier toyed with an offer to join the external affairs department in the late 1960s but eventually joined the Parti Québécois research centre instead before becoming Lévesque's executive assistant. As director of the campaign he was responsible for coordinating the highly successful policy of concentrating on economic and social issues, while refusing to accept the Liberal challenge to debate separatism. Carpentier seemed destined for a key advisory role in the Premier's office.

Serving with Carpentier was likely to be Louis Bernard, a graduate of the London School of Economics and former executive assistant to Jacques-Yvan Morin, PQ house leader in the National Assembly prior to the election. Among the best known of the new PQ caucus and almost certain to be key cabinet members are Jacques-Yvan Morin, Claude Morin (no relation), Jacques Parizeau and Robert Burns. The former opposition house leader, a graduate of McGill, Harvard and Cambridge and former law professor at the University of Montreal, Jacques-Yvan Morin says Quebec "will negotiate with the federal government on the transfer of powers one after the other." Parizeau, another LSE doctoral graduate, is the party's economic wizard.

Claude Morin, author of the brilliantly successful compromise referendum and a leading Quebec civil servant for a decade, is considered almost certain to be named minister of intergovernmental affairs. Robert Burns, a lawyer with labor movement experience who gained a reputation as a formidable parliamentary scrapper, appeared destined for house leader or perhaps justice minister. When people speak darkly about the radicals behind Lévesque, they usually mean Burns. One of the best-known faces in the cabinet may be that of Lise Payette, a 45-year-old former CBC TV star in Quebec. Most pundits predicted a portfolio of cultural affairs or communications for her. In all, it promised to be one of the more talented, if difficult, provincial governments with which Ottawa has had to deal.

GRAHAM FRASER





Parizeau (above), Claude Morin (below): a chance at last to try it their way

An exercise in futility?

Among all the uncertainties and imponderables thrown up by the Quebec election result was the future of the long-stalled attempts to bring the Canadian Constitution home from Westminster. Just five days before Quebeckers went to the polls, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's office had set a constitutional meeting for December 13-15, but in the wake of the Parti Québécois' victory pushed the talks back to after Christmas. Most of the other premiers appeared willing to go ahead with the Ottawa talks, though as Premier Bill Bennett of British Columbia noted, René Lévesque's arrival in power made it "a whole new ball game." Newfoundland's Frank Moores wondered whether there would be any point to constitutional talks now. "Here we have a man [Lévesque] saying he doesn't want to be part of Canada. Obviously he's not going to be any part of the constitutional talks."

Alberta's Peter Lougheed disagreed, arguing that Lévesque's position would have no bearing on the talks. In fact, Lougheed—who has played a key role in preventing patriation by demanding an amending formula that would include a veto for each province—felt that his province and Quebec had some common ground on the constitutional issue. "We think the country's stronger if the provincial governments are stronger," he noted. "The common position, I think, is that this country would be better off if it has less centralization in Ottawa and Toronto." Another western premier, Saskatchewan's Allan Blakeney, saw the Quebec election result as a warning to Trudeau to abandon any thought of patriating the Constitution unilaterally, as the PM has sometimes threatened to do, and speculated that the PQ victory in Quebec might have the effect of making Ottawa "more responsive to other provincial governments."

The constitution aside, reaction to the Quebec election in other provincial capitals was largely restrained and placatory—while reflecting concern for the future of Canada. In Toronto, Ontario's premier

Life, as it tends to in 'The Townships,' goes on much as usual

Adelaide (Addie) Atkin is 59, a housewife and local correspondent in Georgeville, Quebec for the weekly *Stanstead Journal*. She was born and raised in the resort community on the shores of Lake Memphremagog. So was her husband, Jack, a house painter, carpenter and head of the local community association. Unlike most communities in the Eastern Townships south of Montreal, Georgeville has remained a predominantly English enclave. But it is typical of the others in a way that is striking in the wake of the Parti Québécois election victory—there is no visible sign of panic among the English. "Nobody here is going to pack up and leave," Addie Atkin predicts firmly. "In fact, this could be a very exciting time. There aren't many places to go and discover in the world anymore."

In Cowansville, settled by the English in 1840, a prominent, bilingual businessman (requesting anonymity) observes: "We [English] have been a little smug. But that smugness started in [Montreal's] Westmount, not in the Townships. English Canadians have had a good way of life in Quebec. Now French Canadians want a piece of the action—and I don't blame them one bit. Let's give Lévesque a chance."

In Waterloo, an archetypal United Empire Loyalist settlement, 81-year-old Jack Buckland, one of the most prominent citizens, dismisses any thought of leaving town. "I've lived my life. The only place I'm going," he chuckles with a wave across the street to the cemetary, "is over there."

The calm among most Anglos of the Townships is based largely on the widespread untested thesis that Quebec will never actually separate from Canada. The view is not shared by every one. Some are fearful and bitter, particularly the young married couples who are often unilingual and have built a good life for themselves and now see it threatened. But the prevailing mood, as perceived during a three-day tour that started at my home in Waterloo, seems to be one of abiding confidence in life close to the gently rolling countryside—and a faith that things will work out.

Their faith is based on the strong professional and social ties that have historically existed between the two founding cultures. In 1967, historian Dale Thomson, in his biography of Louis St. Laurent, wrote of the typical "Eastern Townships man" who "respected both cultures, took pride in the dual heritage of Canada, and drew on them to enrich his own life." Strains have developed in the fabric since St. Laurent's Township days—in fact since Thomson's book. The descendants of pioneers from Ireland, Scotland and the United States are now outnumbered in most of the towns they built and nurtured. The English now may be discovering how the old French minorities had to struggle in an alien Anglo milieu, but they show no signs of fading away. "After all," notes Ralph Campbell, now retired with his wife Lorena, in Waterloo, "this is our 'homeland' as well. Our families have been here for generations."

Politically, the colors of the Townships' new electoral map are as varied as a sugar bush in autumn. Of the nine counties all but one of which were Liberal before the election, four are now Union Nationale, two Liberal and three—including two seats in Sherbrooke, "the Queen City of the Townships"—elected PQ members. In Brôme-Missisquoi, a riding once carefully drawn to ensure representation for the English minority, 20-year veteran Liberal Glen Brown lost to the UN's Armand Russell, thanks in large part to Anglo opposition to Bill 22 and the fact that Brown did not oppose it. Even so, one of Sherbrooke's new péquistes, 31-year-old social worker



CARTOON BECK

Gérard Gosselin, spoke of "a new partnership" between English and French. "I have a real respect for the English," he declared, "but I also have respect for my own people."

Respect is an appropriate term for what is bound to be an upcoming period of new tension. Even facing new political realities, too many Anglos still cling stubbornly to old ways. One middle-aged secretary in the Waterloo area, for example, has learned only the crudest French and insists on speaking English because, as she puts it, "I won't give in." At the same time, she has good relations with French-Canadian neighbors—they talk to her in English. Says an anglophone entrepreneur, who also has several close francophone friends and speaks French fluently, "Our family has been here for generations, the French have taken over businesses, we've learned their language—what more do they want?"

The grudging acceptance of the French fact is tied to the stake the English feel they have in the Townships. Jack Buckland's wife, Alice, for example, is a descendant of wealthy families who built Waterloo, donated land for churches of all denominations and often financed personally public works projects the town wouldn't fund.





Mason (above left) is running a little scared, even scouting land prices in Ontario. But Jeck and Alice Buckland (directly above) aren't especially disturbed—but than he's 81. In between is Mount (above right) who plans to give himself five years before taking action

Many of the Townships' residents are committed more because of economics than from any sense of history. Stanley Mount, 61, and his son-in-law, Allen Barr, 34, of Iron Hill, own a fine 120-head Ayrshire herd on a farm complete with an automated eight-stall "milking parlor." They also sell sand and gravel from a pit on their 320 acre spread. During chores in his barn, Mount told me he could assess the PQ victory better "five years from now if I'm still alive." He was angry with Bourassa, he says, and is no less comfortable with Pierre Trudeau in Ottawa—in part because of the battering he has taken for producing too much milk. Like many people in the Townships of his generation, however, Mount insists he has no choice but to hang in. "How can we move when we have this investment?"

Nearby Robert Mason, 37, continues finishing the interior of a new house he built near his father's farm. Mason and his wife, Dorothy 35, both unilingual, are scared. The weekend after the election they headed off with friends to scout land prices in Ontario. After some lean years, Mason reflects: "We are just getting it going here." Adds Dorothy, mother of three young children, "What happens to them even after we've taken the trouble to make sure they're bilingual?" An Anglo name, they feel, now means second-class status in Quebec.

At the regional high school in Cowansville some of the English students reflect their parents' confusion about the future. Helen Collier, 15, a grade 10 student who lives in Knowlton, wants to become bilingual. "I like Quebec," she says. "I like the environment. I like the challenge. If we separate, I'll probably live in Quebec and see what happens. If something drastic happens, I'll move out."

But no one really knows what the future will bring, or what Lévesque's commitment to an independent Quebec really means. The point was best illustrated when two French-Canadian women held their election post mortem in Waterloo. "Now we're free," the first enthused. "We won't have to sing *O Canada* in English at the [Montreal] Forum anymore." Her friend retorted, "If we separate, you won't be singing *O Canada* period." ROBERT LEWIS

Bill Davis had a waiter bring him periodic reports on the ballot-counting while he met with the Ontario Road Builders' Association at a midtown hotel on the night of the Quebec election. Then Davis and his aides worked out a statement declaring that the election did "not constitute a defeat for Canada." Premier Ed Schreyer of Manitoba conceded that of the three main parties in the Quebec election the PQ was the one that would form the best government. "I've found myself drawn to Lévesque because of his economic theories and social democratic principles," said New Democrat Schreyer. "But I could never agree with his separatist stand."

Perhaps the most concerned response came from the Maritimes—the part of the country that would find itself amputated if Quebec left Confederation. "I don't think we should get excited," said Nova Scotia's Gerald Regan. "We should be prepared to assume that Mr. Lévesque will govern like any other government in the interests of his people. All of us should be prepared to cooperate with him in this regard." The important thing now, said New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield, is that "Quebeckers must be convinced that their best chance for achieving their aspirations lies within the framework of Confederation."

As De Gaulle once said . . .

They had been up all night listening to the radio, 500 excitable expatriates from a province that was changing as each election bulletin crackled over the radio. The crowd of Québécois huddled around loudspeakers in the Canadian students residence of the Cité Universitaire de Paris let go with a concerted roar of delight as the Radio-Canada broadcast reported the rout of the Quebec Liberals and the election of René Lévesque and the Parti Québécois. One observer, seasoned to the demonstrations of another era, remarked, "It's like the Liberation." In the days following the election, public speculation and private gossip centred on two topics: the impending independence of Quebec and the prophetic abilities of the great Liberator himself, General Charles de Gaulle.

Not a single Paris newspaper failed to conjure up the shade of De Gaulle by connecting the historic night of the Quebec election to the general's balcony performance in Montreal in 1967 when he uttered his *Vive le Québec Libre* faux pas. Even bank directors on the chi-chi Place Vendôme took to greeting their Canadian clients with a subdued "*Vive le Quebec Libre*." While the government of President Valéry Giscard D'Estaing reacted with circumspect silence to Lévesque's victory—other than a perfunctory telegram of congratulations from Premier Raymond Barre—the general's heirs in the Gaullist party showed no such reluctance in fanning old flames. The party's general secretary, Yves Guena, issued a press release hailing De Gaulle's "prophetic vision" while former Gaullist minister Jean Charbonnel crowed that "the liberation of a whole people" was due almost entirely to the "courageous and prophetic interventtion."

With an appropriate sense of Gallic déjà vu, the election kicked up the presence in Quebec of the shadowy Phillipe Rossillon, the man Pierre Trudeau once described as "a more or less secret agent" sent to Canada in 1968 to meet with the French minority in Manitoba. The Gaullists admitted that Rossillon spent the weeks prior to the election organizing in Quebec for a PQ victory. (In Ottawa External Affairs officials said they knew all along about Rossillon's recent forays into Quebec but that they constituted a private visit. "We don't comment on private visits," said one bureaucrat.)

One diplomatic by-product of the Lévesque victory will be the postponement or even cancellation of a trip to Canada by President Giscard. The trip was originally planned for next spring but because of serious domestic problems was put off until 1978. But even that is unlikely, coinciding as it does with an expected federal election in Canada.

If the election of the PQ came as an occasion of exhilaration in Paris it was met with measured, muted comments of concern in Washington. Officially, the State Department played the whole affair as the internal business of another country. But below the surface, officials in the Pentagon, the State Department and on Wall Street expressed a mixture of surprise and uncertainty. While no one seems to see Quebec as a future Cuba of the north, it has been acknowledged that contingency plans must now be made and a number of study groups are being set up in senior government and defense circles. "You would hardly credit it, but



Rossillon: odd behavior for a 'tourist'

while the State Department has contingency plans in case of both Welsh and Scottish separation from Britain, they do not have a plan for Quebec breaking from Canda," said one official in a position to know.

It is widely anticipated in Washington that both Lévesque and Prime Minister Trudeau will visit the capital in the near future in an attempt to calm fears over the provincial and national economies. The U.S. embassy in Ottawa has been reassuring American business leaders that all is well. Thomas Enders, the outspoken U.S. ambassador to Canada, has followed the Quebec situation closely and seems to recognize that the PQ vote was basically a vote against the Liberals. Enders had no love for Robert Bourassa, comparing him privately to Richard Nixon, saying they were "both creeps."

MARCI McDONALD/
WILLIAM LOWTHER/IAN URQUHART

Separation: the past, so far, is prologue

1957: Creation of the first separatist party, L'Alliance Laurentienne.

June, 1960: Election of the Liberals under Jean Lesage and the beginning of the Quiet Revolution.

September, 1960: Formation of radical separatist party, Le Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale (RIN).

November, 1962: Reelection of the Liberals with an increased majority on a platform (promoted by natural resources minister René Levesque) of nationalization of Quebec's hydroelectric power companies and a slogan of Maitres Chez Nous. The first of the large nationalist demonstrations.

Spring, 1963: Appearance of the first Front de Libération Québécois (FLQ).

Spring 1964: Pierre Bourgault, actor and journalist becomes leader of RIN and principal spokesman for the separatist movement.

March, 1968: Formation of the Ralliement National (RN) by the merger of Le Ralliement des Créditistes, headed by Laurent Legault, and Le Regroupement National, led by Dr. René Jutras.

June, 1966, election: Neither RIN nor RN wins a seat in the National Assembly. RIN gains 5.6% of the popular vote and RN 3.2%.

October 14, 1967: The separatist platform advocated by René Lévesque is rejected at the Quebec Liberal Party Convention. Lévesque walks out and quits the party.

November 18-19, 1967: A new political movement supporting Lévesque's "sovereign state" takes shape in Montreal—Mouvement Souveraineté Association (MSA).

October 14, 1968: The formation of the Parti Quebecois from merger of MSA and RN.

April 29, 1970: The Parti Québécois carries 24% of the popular vote and wins seven seats in the provincial election.

October 29, 1973: The Parti Québécois carries 30% of the popular provincial election vote. It wins only six seats but becomes the official opposition.

October, 1975: The Parti Québécois states it will hold a referendum on separatism if it wins election.

November, 1976: Parti Quebécois defeats the Liberals and takes power.

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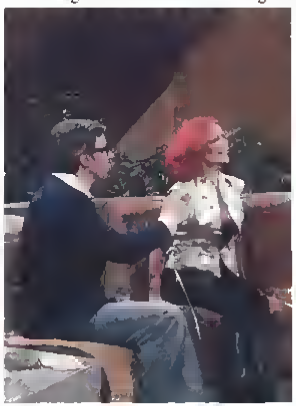
Three for the show

Herrndorf, Frame and Gzowski are getting their late night talk show, 90 Minutes Live, on the air this week. The CBC will never be the same

By Barbara Amiel

Last February, around 11:20 p.m., Halifax housewife Mrs. Shirlean Lewis decided to treat herself to a cup of hot chocolate and the local CBC news. But when the TV picture clicked in it was not the familiar features of Maritime broadcaster Frank Cameron that appeared but the lean and sinuous figure of black U.S. pop star Freda Payne, all shimmer and glitter in her patterned lurex pantsuit and dollops of lip gloss. What's more, huge tears were running down Miss Payne's face although, Mrs. Lewis noted enviously without making her mascara run one bit. Across the studio Host Peter Gzowski was smiling, clapping, and saying "Well ... wow" and all but crying himself. Everyone seemed very moved, even the television critics who next day explained Miss Payne's tears as an allergic reaction to "paint on the microphone." One critic said her crying made the show "more human." Most people behind the cameras thought it made it more hip. Their assumption was whatever Miss Payne sniffed to bring tears to her dilated pupils, it wasn't paint fumes.

Next night Mrs. Lewis was back again.



So was Gzowski, talking to a red-haired lady named Cherry Vanilla who had clearly seen better days and whose bosom was still trying to see them. Her blouse appeared to have lost several buttons as she wiggled her shoulders trying to make much ado about virtually nothing. Cherry, whose appearance had cost the CBC a bargain $400, listed as her credits some broadcasts she did for radical Abbie Hoffman's Radio Hanoi, and described herself as an ex-groupie. "What," asked Gzowski on behalf of all unenlightened Canadians, "does a groupie do?" "Basically," replied Cherry, shimmying in the direction of the band, "you go to bed with rock stars."

Click. Mrs. Shirlean Lewis had seen enough. Talk shows, she thought, they're all the same. Little did she know that the images appearing on her picture tube during those nights in February 1976 were no ordinary talk show pilots but the penultimate results of a new chapter in our national network's history.

When *Ninety Minutes Live* begins its 28-week run this month on the CBC it will mark the success of a two-year campaign in which careers have been jeopardized, the social sciences marshaled, nationalism and the work ethic invoked, and detailed psychological and demographic studies set up to prove that if Mrs. Lewis has seen one talk show she may not, in fact, have seen them all. The new Gzowski show marks the CBC's attempt to move from the horse-and-buggy era into the jet age. This is the show that is dragging our broadcast executives (some of them kicking and screaming) from the darkness of inspired guesswork into the enlightened age of scientific programming. Ironically, though it is brought to the screen under the banner of nationalism, the Gzowski show also marks the beginning of the ultimate Americanization of television in Canada.



Peter Gzowski with guest Cherry Vanilla and (right) with Current Affairs chief Peter Herrndorf and producer Alex Frame: public affairs as never seen before

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Welcome, Mrs. Lewis, to your new updated CBC.

In the summer of 1974 broadcast executive Peter Herndorf had lunch with Peter Gzowski and CBC Producer Alex Frame. The lunch was at a restaurant much favored by a better class of secretary and lower echelon businessmen. But the cafeteria atmosphere was hardly an indication of Herndorf's real status. Ever since he had come back from his CBC-sponsored stint at Harvard Business School, Herndorf's influence had been growing. His job titles were insignificant but as "special assistant" to then CBC vice-president and general manager Eugene Hallman he had used his position to build a considerable power base. When Denis Harvey became second in command of CBC's English network in April, 1974, he would owe his job to Herndorf's recruiting suggestions, while top man Don MacPherson, appointed at the same time, would reportedly get his job conditional on his acceptance of Harvey as his assistant.

Everything about Herndorf was right from the schools he attended (Ridley College, University of Manitoba, Harvard Business School) his enthusiasms (current periodicals and old-fashioned jock) and his fashionable eyeball-to-eyeball approach to people problems. He was in fact an early and engaging specimen of CBC's new hybrid, The Technocrat With a Human Face. There was nothing too slick or too automated about him to disturb the pleasant martinis-and-meetings Old Boy ambience of Head Office. His socks were rarely knee-length, and often when he sat at meetings he would show a reassuring expanse of leg between hush puppies and slacks. No Upper Canada executive, who felt longer socks were just too Madison Avenue, would be put off by him.

But Herndorf was Madison Avenue in more essential ways than mere slickness. He shared the faith of New York's ad agency row in the Holy Trinity of currency, hype and drive. Even as his power grew, he became more restless. When vice-president Hallman assigned him to do six-month studies on TV Variety and Drama, technocrat Herndorf found himself plunged into the greasepaint and rhinestone con of showbiz CBC-style. After his early years as an earnest producer in Current Affairs and his button-down stretch as a bright young executive assistant, Herndorf was ripe for some fun. By the end of his six-month study he had "developed the total hots for variety."

But true love rarely blooms on schedule. Just at the moment Herndorf discovered his heart belonged to Broadway, his superiors rewarded him with Parliament Hill. Herndorf was made head of Current Affairs. This gave him control of a good chunk of programming, including *Marketplace*, *Ombudsman*, *the fifth estate* and documentary specials—but no variety. The solution seemed obvious. He had to

Holiday hosting...

It's a very special season; a time when family and friends arrive; a time when it's important to know how to be a good host and enjoy your party, too. Here are some ideas to help you with your holiday hosting this year.

Super Star Gimlet
Five Star Canada's largest selling rye whisky shines in any rye Gimlet
1¼ oz. Five Star
½ oz. Leroux Triple Sec
1¼ oz. lemon juice
Shake and strain into chilled champagne glass. Serve with a red or green cherry

Monarch's Martini
You can taste the Seagram in King Arthur's Martinis
2 oz. King Arthur Gin
5 drops Noilly Prat French Vermouth
Stir gently with ice cubes. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Crown with an olive or twist of lemon peel

The Legendary Whisky
World-famous Crown Royal. There's only one thing more rewarding than saving this legend—that's sharing it. Need we say more?

Pipers Scotch Whisky
It's for the man who calls the tune.
Put 4 ice cubes in a 10 oz. glass. Pour in 1¼ oz. of Pipers. Add soda or water to taste

V.O. Old Fashioned
Only V.O. is V.O. and it makes a classic Old Fashioned. Pour 3 drops of Angostura bitters over a cube of sugar in an Old Fashioned glass. Muddle sugar with 1 oz. of soda water. Add ice cubes and 1¼ oz. Seagram's V.O. Decorate with fruit





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Gzowski and Joey Smallwood: emphasizing Canadian-ness

develop a philosophy that could justify scoring current affairs programs to song-and-dance formats and sell the CBC brass on the idea. No one could have anticipated just how successful he would be.

CBC producer Alex Frame didn't know much about Herrndorf but what he did know he didn't like. Herrndorf was Harvard Business School and had worked in the bunny hutch of Head Office and the combination didn't seem too promising. Looking at Herrndorf across the luncheon table Frame felt his worst fears confirmed. The guy was practically rigged up in a grey flannel suit, and in spite of his long moustache his hair had the precise cut of a cavalry captain's. Frame was not about to judge a man by his barber but he had spent too much time fighting the CBC paper tiger to put his career in the hands of a memo-mandarin wanting to be with it. Frame had come along to the lunch because ever since quitting the CBC radio's smash hit *This Country In The Morning* (a show he had created and produced with host Peter Gzowski) he had been on the make for another good project. For the time being he and Gzowski were on contract to the CBC (Gzowski reportedly pulling in just over $1,000 a week and Frame about $625) but no one had very much for them to do. Most of the time the two of them sat in their big airless office in network headquarters watching games shows on a color TV set and eating popcorn.

By the end of the lunch Frame had revised his opinion of Herrndorf. There was an engaging candor about the man and a commitment to actually making things happen that seemed rare around the CBC. Herrndorf, he decided, was a man who would play it straight with his co-workers and cunning with Head Office.

"What I want," said the Head of Current Affairs Elect, eyeballing Frame and Gzowski alternately, "is a late-night talk show with elements of current affairs, variety and information programming. I want you fellows to work out a program concept and get it back to me."

A late night talk show hosted by Peter Gzowski. To a novice in corporate games the program might seem to lie right there on the table between Herrndorf's chicken pot pie and Gzowski's glass of beer. But it would take a brilliant strategy, spanning two years and $500,000 or more, to figure out a format in which Peter Gzowski could sit on a couch talking to his guests.

Talk shows appear to be simple only to the viewers. Industry people know that three guests chatting on a couch is a complicated event deserving serious sociological and psychological evaluation. Primary to this theory is the "uses and gratification thesis" which has been arrived at by little armies of researchers with aas running around asking anyone who cares to talk about it (for a fee) why they watch late-night television. In a 22-page confidential summary put out by the CBC research department Our Corporation showed it was no slacker when it came to keeping up with the latest U.S. approaches to the talk show phenomenon.

"To some [people]," concluded the CBC study, "television functions as an activity to fill time when there is nothing else to do. This function also seems to be fulfilled by late night programming." Even more telling was the conclusion of Part C, titled *The Act Of Watching Late Programs*, in which a CBC analysis of four separate group discussions organized by their research department led to the breath-taking conclusion that "*The TV Guide* seems to be an important and necessary source of information upon which the choice of what is going to be watched is based."

Herrndorf may or may not have swallowed the jargon of audience research but he quickly saw its value as a weapon in his conversion of Head Office. By now he had come up with the general philosophy behind his late-night talk show. His reasons

Holiday toasting...

This is the season to welcome new friends with festive drinks; to toast old companions with lingering night-caps. For those who do not prefer beverage alcohol, serve an Egg Nog—5 oz. milk, 5 drops of vanilla extract, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 egg. Shake with ice. Strain into 12 oz. glass. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

Banana Daiquiri
Morgan White is always a welcome sight
2½ oz. Morgan White Rum
1 oz. fresh lemon juice
½ fresh banana
2 tsp. sugar
Mix in blender with 1 cup of cracked ice until creamy. Serve in a chilled champagne glass. Serves 2.

The Perfect Parfait
Try your hand at this dessert next time you want a happy ending.
1 large scoop of ice cream in a sherbet glass. Pour in 1 oz. Leroux Green Crème de Menthe. Top with a green cherry.

Festive Versatility
Chemineaud Brandy does dozens of delightful things. It mixes well with everything from Alexanders to Flambes. And it's great straight with coffee.

Hot Buttered Rum
The perfect Weatherbeater
1½ oz. Morgan Black
1 tsp. butter
1 tsp. honey
⅓ oz. lemon juice
Ground cinnamon (to taste)
Pre-warm a mug or an Old Fashioned glass. Add ingredients. Fill with boiling water and stir.

Rudolph The Red
The Vintage Vodka gives a stirring performance.
1¼ oz. Bolshoi Vodka
½ oz. lemon juice
3 drops tabasco sauce
5 drops Worcestershire Sauce
5 oz. tomato juice
Stir in a 10 oz. glass with ice cubes. Add salt, pepper.





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for Current Affairs television originating 90 minutes of live variety programming would be to make CBC current affairs "more consciously populist ... more heavily Canadian ... and more people oriented by putting heavy political issues into a more personal context. For all these things the late night show is a perfect vehicle."

Still, he needed a court philosopher to give him the underpinnings for his strategy. As a start a routine request was sent over to CBC research to do some preliminary work on finding out who the audience for late night viewing actually was. As luck would have it the request landed on the desk of John Dvorak.

Just one year out of graduate school where he had obtained his master's thesis with 242 pages of opaque prose entitled *Alienation And Escapist Television Viewing*, John Dvorak was a man who took his audience research seriously. On his office



Garriock: he likes the idea now, but . . .

shelves such books as *A Handbook Of Multivariate Experimental Psychology* were crammed next to dog-eared copies of *Journal Of Communications*, *The Public Opinion Quarterly* and *The American Sociological Review*. When the memo from Current Affairs arrived Dvorak was just completing a project in Thunder Bay where he had been sent to analyze why blue-collar workers there were listening to private radio stations between six and 9 a.m. instead of CBC's information programming. After considerable study he had concluded that blue-collar workers—if awake at that hour and not working—prefer to use radio to distract rather than educate. The CBC station manager was much relieved to understand why his ratings were so low and after blessing the new science planned to play more pop music.

Dvorak sent off some preliminary memos to Frame and Herrndorf with audience statistics adding a few salient psychographic comments of his own. Frame knew a good con when he saw one and

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quickly invited Dvorak over for a personal chat

"What," Frame asked him, "have been some of the most watched programs in the history of the CBC?" That sort of question was manna to Dvorak

"Well," he replied, "Dick Cavett's VD Blues show was phenomenally successful. It dealt with venereal disease by using skits, cartoons and variety techniques."

Gzowski was ecstatic. "That," he said, "is exactly where we want to go. Let's get a mass audience and tell them about something like VD." Dvorak had become a member of the team.

From the fall of 1974 through the spring of 1975 Herrndorf, Gzowski and Frame kept a low profile, quietly gathering ammunition to support their cause. In November 1974, Gzowski, Frame and program organizer Nancy Oliver nipped over



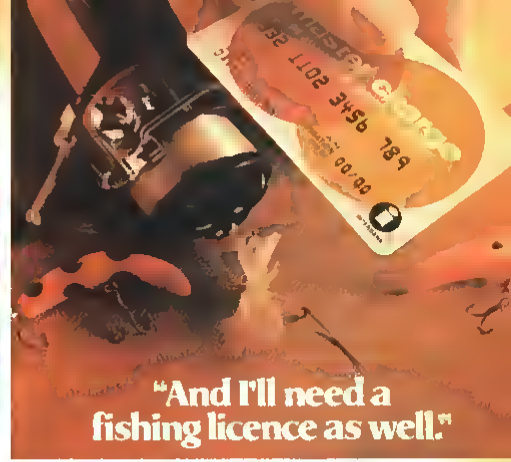
Harvey: the decision to go was his

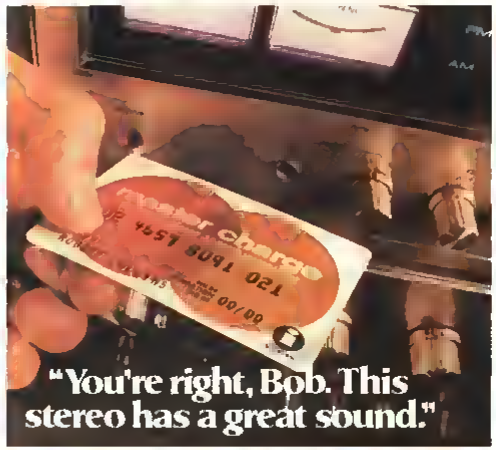
to London, England, for a week or so to study late-night programming overseas. The BBC didn't actually have a late-night talk show and weren't planning to start one, but they did have a very nice group of people who produced an early evening show and the three CBC delegates studied it instead. Studies were also made of French-Canadian and U.S. late-night television programming.

"The important thing about these trips," explained Frame, "was that we discovered that we could do anything they were doing just as well."

From Dvorak's office a steady stream of paper was emerging analyzing "important attitudinal and lifestyle characteristics" of late-night viewers. Reported Dvorak: "Respondents with a strong preference for late-night talk shows [...] were dissatisfied with their lives, stated a need for excitement in their lives, very fashion conscious, prefer to watch American shows rather than Canadian ones." The CBC research department was in a state of prolonged arousal. This was the first time they had











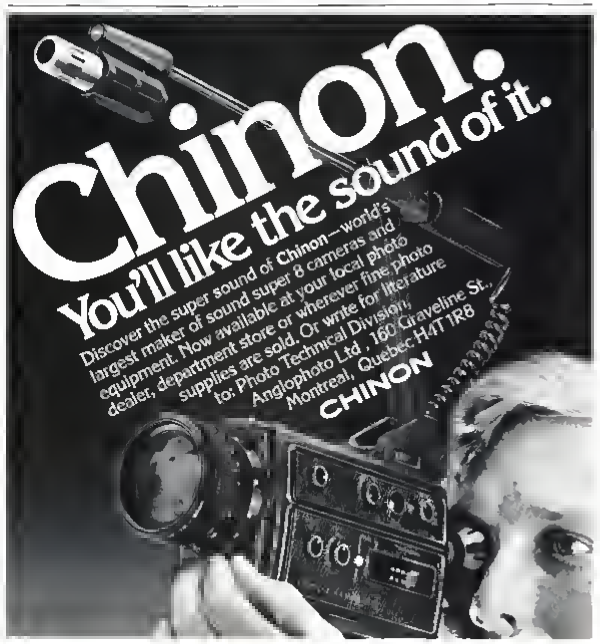


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been so importantly involved in the creation of a new program and they correctly sensed a breach in the CBC's hitherto stoic avoidance of contemporary American research methods.

Herrndorf, meanwhile, was busy strengthening his position as Head of Current Affairs. The department had deteriorated badly under his predecessor John Kerr, who had been sent to the current burial ground of deposed CBC executives—a lifelong French immersion course in Quebec City. Herrndorf knew *Ninety Minutes Live* couldn't get on air unless more conventional current affairs programming improved. It did. *The fifth estate* climbed past CTV's W5 in the ratings and a new series of documentary dramas got respectable attention. By the summer of 1975—one year after his initial contact with Gzowski and Frame—Herrndorf felt secure enough to make his move.



MacPherson: how could the brass resist?

The presentation of the program concept for *Ninety Minutes Live* took place in the contemporary teak funeral home decor of the English Network's Head Office at 1255 Bay Street, Toronto. All the Beautiful People—bureaucratically speaking—were there. Vice-president and general manager Don MacPherson, his thick signature cigar in place, was token head of the little gathering. Next to him sat deputy assistant general manager Denis Harvey, managing director of Television Services Norm Garrick. Network program director Jack Craine and director of News and Current Affairs Knowlton Nash. Facing them was their old co-worker Peter Herrndorf, formerly keeper-of-head-office-secrets, radio star Peter Gzowski and plump, benign Alex Frame looking a little like a cherubic Paul Williams.

Herrndorf's pitch was summed up in a glossy 45-page booklet of sociological jargon and hype titled *A Proposal For A Late Night CBC Show* and printed on colored paper with illustrations and margin notes for slow readers. For six months Herrn-

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One day we went for a little train ride On a little train It makes a stop at Catadupa Naturally Rob had to call it the Catadupa Choo choo



"This is my kind of ocean cruise We left in the morning and came back that afternoon White sails blue water, pink drinks"

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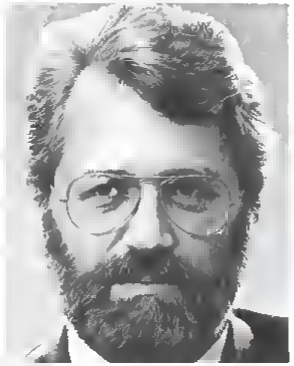


Canadian Agent: Saverio Schiralli Agencies Ltd., Toronto, Canada

dorf, Gzowski and Frame had sweated over the booklet putting Dvorak's findings into prose that described a talk show in terms more appropriate to the discovery of the wheel.

"This is a proposal," announced the booklet, "modeled on nothing else that has gone before or is now appearing anywhere else. This program is not a 'talk' show. Neither is it 'variety.' It *is* 'public affairs.' But public affairs as never seen before. Its characteristics include Canadian-ness, immediacy, mobility, spontaneity, informality, intimacy, a toughness of mind and—perhaps more important—a destruction of the barriers that have confined 'public affairs' too long to one corner of the viewer's mind."

Who could resist? In spite of the decidedly mixed individual feelings within the meeting, the collective spirit of the boardroom was seduced. Herrndorf got the go-ahead to hire staff and pilot the program. The schedule called for a two-week local



McLean: his bleakest view confirmed

run in Halifax—with Dvorak ensconced in the poshest hotel suite in town doling out envelopes containing a modest $25 to 300 viewers who would participate in post-show quiz sessions—and then another two weeks in Vancouver. But in a surprise move Herrndorf decided to put the Vancouver run on the network. He needed to attract national attention to force Head Office into putting *Ninety Minutes Live* on the 1976-77 schedule. It was a move based on desperation. Back in Toronto the opposition to Herrndorf's scheme had been growing.

Whatever the slogans and ideology of the opposition, as in all corporations the real issue was a power struggle in which empires were being carved out or defended. Then news chief Mike Daigneault saw the late-night show as a threat to his department's plans for an expanded national news. Newly appointed variety chief Jack McAndrew may have sympathized with Herrndorf's "total hots" for variety



but he wanted to bed the fair lady himself. The directors of Television for the various regions across Canada saw *Ninety Minutes Live* as an ominous threat to their plans to develop autonomous regional programming. And in Head Office certain members of the corporate elite saw a New Byzantium being constructed with Denis Harvey as Co-Emperor Licinius and Peter Herrndorf as Constantine the Great. (The Battle of Chrysopolis is still somewhere in the future. For non-buffs of history: Constantine won. Licinius was later strangled in prison.)

At first the opposition simply believed the show could never happen. Even a 28-week run, they argued, would cost about $1.82 million in cash ($13,000 a show) and at least one and a half times that in indirect money (studio costs, crews, technical facilities). There was also the cost of relocation of programs bumped out of CBC studios to make room for *Ninety Minutes Live*. Though a few million wasn't such expensive programming for a five-nights-a-week live variety show, in that time slot it would be spent on a minuscule audience. Barely 6% of Canadian viewers stay up after midnight, and although the largest minority watch the *Tonight* show, the *majority* prefer late-night movies and television reruns. Surely, argued the anti-Herrndorfians, a late-night movie costing $2,000 a night would be more practical for the few bleary viewers hanging on? Besides, shows such as *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* were eating into talk show audiences. Could it be that, as usual, the CBC would discover a format just 10 years after its time?

Those concerned with higher issues than financial slicing of the CBC budget pie (reportedly the religious and agricultural program people, with not much of a slice anyway) brought up the *moral* problem of the CBC threatening the work ethic of Canadians. If, unlike the United States, Canadians were going to bed in order to get up bright-eyed for work (as Dvorak's demographic and psychographic studies indicated) what was Peter Herrndorf doing trying to make insomniacs of us all?

Herrndorf continued his crusade. "We're after the younger, more sophisticated, better educated audience," he said, "and our research has shown a decided preference for Gzowski by wives in their upper thirties. If we can't get the husbands at first, Gzowski will get the wives." There seemed to be little concern about sticky moments at Canadian breakfast tables as Gzowski-satiated wives neglected connubial duties at the toasters of the nation.

The individual stations were most concerned. Local news (which would be cut back) was a prime source of revenue for them. So were their late-night movies. Though few of the opposition would risk coming out in the open *enfant terrible* Ross McLean, program director of Toronto's CHUM, showed that he may have become less of an *enfant* but no less *terrible* with each passing decade. In a memo described as "characteristic" by all who saw it, McLean voiced his views on the Vancouver pilot of *Ninety Minutes Live* and sent it over to Head Office. "I find no cause for euphoria," wrote McLean, whose prose style is as legendary as his penchant to pass judgment on every CBC show. "I found the editorial impulses of the show distressingly derivative, a replay of stories I had watched in a dozen different series in the past six months. ... I found the program dreary and could provide more documentation if I felt it mattered to anyone. I have not lately managed to affect the standards of our program output on the network. I do not expect to do so in this case. But should this present blend of gaucherie and gangling hostmanship be encouraged to return in the fall with its sub-par and warmed-over features it will confirm my bleakest view of this company's infinite capacity for self and public torment."

McLean's reference to "gangling hostmanship" pinpointed the ambivalent worth of Peter Gzowski as ammunition for the opposition. In spite of the unprecedented success of *This Country In The Morning*, many people remembered Gzowski's inauspicious debut on talk show television some years earlier (under Ross McLean) and felt that his easy charm was not matched by any intellectual weight. As





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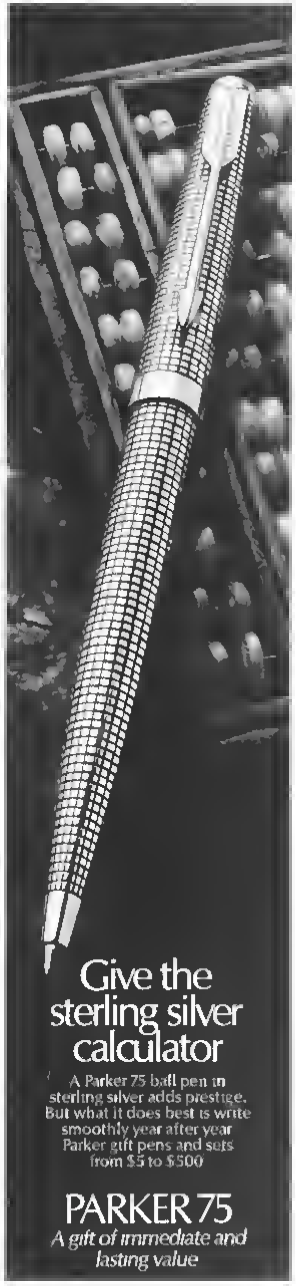
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a journalist his fluent writing style had assured him of success, but his most memorable magazine achievement—by his own account—was a sentimental look at the then trendy marijuana issue, full of questionable research and flabby, wishful conclusions In the Halifax and Vancouver pilots his stumbling charm—and stumbling wit—reminded one of a younger Gerald Ford with McGovern's rhapsodic politics—a less than happy combination Still, a talk show host need not be an original thinker and Aristotle would probably not get higher ratings than Merv Griffin—even with urban audiences

But what ultimately threw the opposition into disarray was the first appearance of an American-style programming juggernaut on the Canadian scene Glossy booklets, psychological studies and cross country pilots had never been done before on anything like that scale in the CBC Head Office was deluged with the results of analyzed and sanitized questionnaires filled out by the post-pilot audiences of John Dvorak (Sample question "The guests who appeared on tonight's program were too unknown/people I would like to meet/too much the same/boring/I really got to know them/they were too different from each other/seemed to enjoy what they were doing, etc etc Circle one of Strongly agree/agree/neutral/ disagree/ strongly disagree")

By the time the opposition realized the seriousness of Herrndorf's blitz Head Office had been gripped by the heady whiff of big-time television. Grey bureaucrats who had spent their careers working in the wilted rubber plant jungle of executive suites were now glancing surreptitiously at copies of *Variety* and beefing up on audience research methods at CBS Even chief mandarin Al Johnson president of the CBC, was sporting a t-shirt with *Ninety Minutes Live* on the front and *The Prez* on the back Along with the sacrosanct Broadcasting Act, CBC executives were now quoting ABC executive Mike Eisner and trendy U.S social scientist Leo Lowenthal This was showbiz. It was fun

Still, after the Vancouver pilot, Head Office hesitated The staff of *Ninety Minutes Live* stewed Herrndorf went apoplucking to Montreal where in the cosy ambience of Desjardins restaurant, he lobbied further with Al Johnson and ex-CBC president Alphonse Ouimet Back in Toronto insiders watched Denis Harvey The secret of getting *Ninety Minutes Live* firmly on the schedule they believed, lay with him It may have been a case of genuine enthusiasm coinciding with old debts when Harvey—in spite of his TV News background—came out firmly on Herrndorf's side Though he couldn't get the show scheduled at Herrndorf's choice time—11 00 p m or even 11 30 p m (the show now goes on at 11 35 p m giving millions of Canadians five minutes to switch to Johnny Carson)—he could get it on the schedule More important, he could assure that whatever the ratings or critical response the show would be a success All that was required was a hearty invocation of Nationalism and the CBC Mandate

"We're not going to judge this show by its ratings," announced an ebullient Harvey "This is a show to develop talent This is a show to bring Canada together—to introduce French Canadians to English Canadians This is what we ought to be doing Why, if it works out we might even put it in prime time And don't you think this is a one-year shot We're not about to invest this kind of talent and money just for one season" Unlike the commercial networks at the CBC a program is successful if the people in charge decide it is successful That way tacky commercialism is kept out of the Public Broadcast System.

Over at the national news chief Mike Daigneault who had fought so hard for a longer national news, found himself moved to a planning position Over at the Variety Department the developmental budget was slashed At CBLT Ross McLean was keeping a very low profile, and Head Office people believed originally to be in opposition (managing director Norm Garnock, head of News and Current Affairs Knowlton Nash) were voicing their (muted) allegiance to the show At the CBC research department one could almost hear the champagne corks popping "Other departments are starting to use us to develop programs too," said an elated Dvorak. "In drama they're looking at what we can tell them about the needs and desires of audiences and tailoring shows to meet them"

And Herrndorf? Unlike the real world where rewards are handed out after the on-air success of a show the CBC, in a candid acknowledgement that real achievement there is getting anything to happen in the first place last month appointed 36 year-old Herrndorf vice-president in charge of planning effective April 1977

Of course the Gzowski show may become as big a success as *This Country In The Morning* has been on radio If so this will have nothing to do with the pseudo-scientific mumbo-jumbo that surrounded its creation What it will have to do with will be the peculiar intuitive talents of producer Alex Frame and his staff and the intangible attraction of Gzowski's personality Once the show is on the way nobody pays much attention to science anyway At one of the last production meetings before the debut, it was showbiz as usual

Talent booker Gail Goldman (start-up salary $300 per week): "Big names are not responding to us"

Executive Producer Alex Frame ($635) "We didn't pilot with big *names* as such Maybe we should just move big"

Producer Danny Tobias ($400) "Maybe we should go comfortable instead of big"

Producer Bob Ennis ($460) "I'd be comfortable going big."

Good luck, Mrs Lewis



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The people who don't belong here

To be an illegal immigrant in Canada is to live in fear and work for slave wages, but it's better than being sent back home

By Angela Ferrante

The tip is anonymous as usual. The "illegal" is Jamaican. Her name is Thelma. She is hiding out with her sister in an apartment in Toronto. Two immigration officers, Ed and Dale, are sent to bring her in. "I'm the more humanitarian one," says Ed, 41, on the way out. "He's the go-getter." Dale, 24, a former bill collector, silently weaves the car through a humid and glistening night. At the apartment the lights are on, but no one answers the knock. The stillness is like a breath being held. Dale is stationed by the back door waiting. A light goes off in the bedroom. Someone is in there, but without a warrant they can't enter uninvited. Ed goes to a nearby pay phone to call the apartment while Dale keeps watch. A frightened child answers. Yes, Thelma is here. She's "auntie." Moments later the call flushes the quarry. A tall girl in a pullover and white woolen cap rushes out onto the slippery street, her chunkiness awkward in flight. She loses a bright pink fluffy slipper and barely misses being hit by a car. But Dale has her by the arm now and is leading her back. "Why were you running, Thelma?" he asks between gasps. "Why were you running away?"

Inside the apartment Archie Bunker is on the giant color television set, but nine-year-old Sheila, doe-eyed and slim, is crying. She came from Jamaica last summer to join her mother, Thelma's sister, who is safely "landed." She knows all about immigration. "They come to take you away." In the meantime, Thelma can't find her passport. Her face, sullen and dark like the street, is glistening with tears. She doesn't have a work permit. She is no longer a "bona fide" visitor. "Do I have to go now?" Leave all this? The apartment is full of frills bought with dream money. The red velvet lamps are tassled. The giant L-shaped couch is covered in crushed gold velvet. Embroidered placemats grow like linen flowers on the coffee tables. Shoes spill out of the cupboard; cosmetics line the bureaus like an ever ready army for the masquerade. In the three months Thelma has had a job counting dirty linen at $2.80 an hour, she has acquired a "legal" boyfriend who doesn't know her status, and a $1,000 debt to a finance company. In Jamaica she'd be lucky to make $20 a week. She packs her things. She wants to take everything. "It's all over now."





PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELLEN TOUMIE

Dale and Ed (no last names by agreement) leave, emptyhanded, a Toronto house where an illegal immigrant was supposed to be staying. Below, 'Dorothy' and her daughter await their fate—return to Jamaica?—in the Strathcone

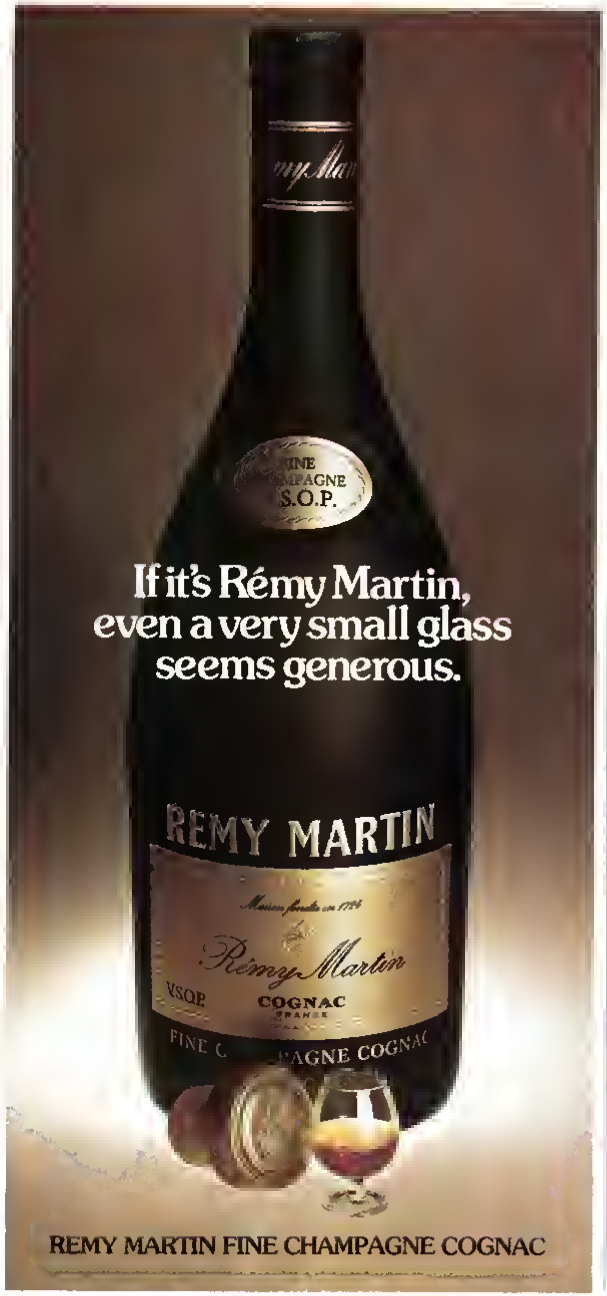
Thelma's sister Verna won't come home. The police are sent to the factory where she works to pick her up. Dale asks them if they could check on another tip while they are there? Phyllis, also Jamaican, probably illegal. Two birds with one stone. "My God, they got Phyllis too," Thelma whispers to a Jamaican who has come to help her pack. "He picked up one of my friends six months ago," the friend says, recognizing Dale. "He's a bad one." By now Thelma has begun to realize why her sister doesn't want to come home. "We had a fight about money. She told on me." When Verna finally arrives, Thelma won't even look at her. She is taken to a downtown hotel for detention and deportation. Phyllis, who put up a fight, ends up in jail for the night. A night of hunting ends at 2 a.m. "It just goes on and on," says Dale. "One leads to another to another. It's a never ending circle."

The door is shutting on the last open country. Australia, New Zealand, West Germany, the countries with which Canada used to compete for immigration, have all closed theirs. And now the immigrant grapevine is spreading the news: soon there will be limits on Canadian immigration. The requirements are already difficult to meet. One can no longer apply to be "landed" while a visitor. Canadians have become touchy about unemployment and racism, and, catching the mood, immigration officers are now actively searching for illegals. The aspiring illegal can still slip through as a "visitor" if he is well coached and has the right contact. He can still get a job in a factory, hide out for a few years, make a little money before being caught. Often, all the illegal will find in Canada is a netherland of exploitation, but the grapevine doesn't dwell on that. Anything is better than what they have now, isn't it? So they take their chances, add to the growing pool of cheap labor, add to a growing underground which is spreading out like a dark stain from the ethnic cores of most Canadian cities. The more Canada shuts the front door, the more the flow is forced to use the back one. Illegal immigration is on the rise.

Ontario with her concrete heart, Toronto, attracts about 50% of the country's legal immigration, so it is not surprising the city is also the centre for illegals. About 175 illegals are arrested in Toronto each month, only a minority of them criminals. There are a few pimps and prostitutes running up from the United States for a hot weekend, but most of the illegals are simply looking for a better life. At Malton airport, Immigration picks out an average of 25 potential illegals every day—although this can reach a high of 70 as it did during the Olympics. It's "a reasonable assumption," airport immigration officer Ray Mulgrue admits, that at least as many are slipping in every day undetected. Vancouver and Montreal, the two other main entry points, together turn back about the same number. There were 9,266 deportations last year, down from 12,693 in 1974, but up from the 1973 figure of 7,110 and 4,851 in 1972. Immigration officials would rather burn their own passports than estimate how many illegals are in the country, but Toronto ethnic leaders, a bit more adventuresome, say that of the 190,000 blacks and Spanish-speaking immigrants in the city, about 30,000 may be illegal. Many "grand sum" figures are tossed around, but the most popular—that there are 100,000 illegals in the country—is just a guess because Canada has no exit controls. Whatever the total, it is undoubtedly minuscule compared to the estimated 10 million illegals in the United States. And ultimately, the best indication of the increase in the number of illegals entering the country are the reports of a whole network of people who are the go-betweens for illegals and the law—immigration officers, consultants, agents, informants, lawyers and ethnic leaders. Many like to remain anonymous for fear of reprisals. It is in keeping with the namelessness of the people they deal with.




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"The trade," says Ken, "is flourishing." In his neat blue businessman's suit, the 42-year-old Pakistani might be talking about a shipment of mangoes. But he is an immigration agent, a former Far East travel agent who speaks 13 languages. His specialty: the lucrative shuttle of illegals from the Orient and Indian subcontinent to Europe and eventually to Canada. He draws the outline of an amazingly efficient operation. "Field officers"—travel agents or local entrepreneurs—find their customers among the young, somewhat educated, whose farmer fathers are willing to sell their land to buy a future for their sons. For $1,000 or more, the agent pulls together an airline ticket (not included in the price), a passport, a contact in the country of destination, and maybe even help in finding a job. Part of the flow is pumped into the Persian Gulf, and the rest to the important European transfer point, West Germany, where until recently work permits were easy to come by. To continue to England the illegal is required to pay another $2,000



A Yugoslavian visitor detained at Malton where 25 'illegals' are caught per day

for a private yacht crossing of the Channel, landing on an early weekday to be greeted by a contact with a walkie-talkie. To come from Germany to Canada costs another $500 for the necessary details on how to pass as a visitor at the crucial airport screening. The arrangements include a Canadian or landed immigrant to pose as a long-lost friend, "letters" of invitation and "show money" which is invariably sent back to the next immigrant in Germany. Or perhaps the illegal buys the complete package—a girl waiting to marry him, a job entrée, forged landed immigrant papers or a new identification. Arranged marriages to Canadian citizens who then sponsor the illegal for citizenship are a booming business and cost about $2,000, split between the girl and the agent. Unless the girl commits bigamy (at least one case has been prosecuted), it is difficult to stop the practice. "There is one lawyer in Toronto with a string of immigration divorce cases—maybe 30 of them at one time," says Ken, bending forward with long prac-



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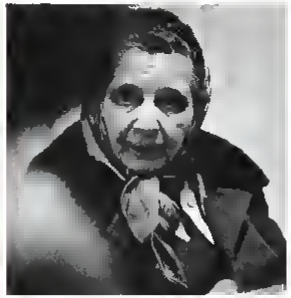
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used confidentiality. "It's just like a pipeline." The successful agent with contacts in several countries and making about $50,000 a year, is not likely to welch on his customers. "After all," Ken points out, "the cheated man can get a knife and go looking for him." The grapevine twitches at each slight change of regulation, each tightening of the loopholes. There are shuttles from other parts of the world, other techniques. But the general rule remains the same. "The man who goes through an agent always gets in."

"The naive," says Malton immigration officer Ray Mulgrue, "are the ones who are caught." They are the many without contacts or agents who arrive with too much or too little luggage for the short holiday. The Jamaican who has obviously spent several years' salary for an airline ticket—the one-year kind, bought partly on credit. The Portuguese who, misled by unscrupulous travel agents, think they can stay if they just express their longing for Canada. There are the Greeks who admit under



Immigration officials allowed this woman to enter the country as a visitor

questioning, "Yes it would be nice to work here. At home it is so hard. If you have dreams, you leave." Properly coached, the illegal would never admit to having dreams. There are the East Indians who carry incriminating documents—school certificates, job applications—which give away their intentions. One young girl, thinking she was giving them a letter from a "friend" in Canada, confidently presented immigration officials with another letter which detailed instructions for getting through immigration. And, of course, there are the many immigrants who still believe, erroneously, that Canada is an open country. "I just came to look around," a 26-year-old Portuguese clerk explained after being turned back at the airport, his immigrant mother in tears behind him. "I expected Immigration to ask some questions, but I didn't know it would be like this." Jenny Bourne, sister of a young Greek also being deported because Immigration suspected he wanted to sneak into the United States, was in a rage. "We're not killers. We're not criminals. How can Canada do this to us?"



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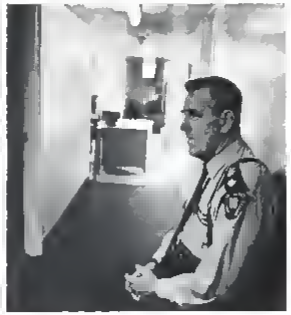
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Gloria's broad face, usually pale and placid, is slowly wrinkling into a frown. The smile, white and wide, momentarily crumples. She doesn't like to tell this story or admit the fear that wells up occasionally to cloud the light in her dark brown eyes. Two years ago she came from Peru via England believing friends who said it was easy to get a permit—any permit. It wasn't so, but she had spent so much money to get here that instead of leaving she became an illegal. "I know I did wrong," she nods penitently. She quickly joined the leagues of gentle, middle-aged South American women working as domestic live-ins for Canada's middle class.

Her first job, with a wealthy Hamilton family, paid $120 a month. "I think it better to tell the true," she says in her budding English. "Lady say no problem." Except that after four months she had still not been paid, and she had no recourse. "If I went to ask for money, she tell." The next job, with a family in the upper-class Forest Hill section of Toronto, promised $200 a month. The "lady" delivered only $150, saying Gloria had misunderstood her. The next family paid $200 for 12 hours a day, six days a week, cooking and cleaning and sharing a room with a daughter. When she asked for a raise after a year, the lady promptly said no and hired another immigrant. "Now I have more experience," she says. "Now I don't tell people I am illegal." She has avoided factories where rumor tells her illegals are continually 'scooped up" and paid less for more work, and instead chose daily housecleaning. She shares an apartment with a friend who is legal, never answers the phone and hopes to save enough money to go home with her pride intact. At 37, she may even learn English. After several aborted attempts she finally worked up the courage to enroll in a night course, lying about her status in her application. "In class every time someone looks at me, I'm afraid they know. Sometimes I don't want to go outside. I am so afraid. But I must. I have aspirations."



A security guard watches over the makeshift detention centre at the Strathcona

Fear is the sinister leitmotiv woven into



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the life of the illegal A young Ecuadorian couple recently decided to go home after four years in Canada as illegals They had saved $8,000 from their factory jobs, but it bought them little joy They were afraid to get a lease, so they lived in rooms, moving every three or four months They were afraid to buy a car—it might be traced—or furniture—if caught, they might have to leave it behind They were afraid to have children and not be able to send them to school What would happen if they got sick?

Illegals pay for unemployment insurance, pensions and medical coverage but can't take advantage of them Every entanglement risks exposing them to discovery They work in the noisier, dirtier jobs Canadians won't take—battery plants, worm picking, restaurants, plastic factories textiles, office cleaning—usually for the minimum wage and quite often for less Because they sometimes confide in the landlord in order to get warning of immigration visits, they often pay exorbitant prices for small rooms—even from their own relatives They seldom tell anyone where they work Some burn all their documentation when they arrive to prevent being identified (The criminal element resorts to spending $2,000 to $3,000 on buying new identities, names and credentials taken from the obituary pages or tombstones)

They are easy prey for extortionists and blackmailers—usually an ethnic taking advantage of an ethnic But only a few cases ever come to light In the murder trial of a 44-year-old Indian woman, Santosh Kumari Bali, who was found dismembered in a Toronto alley, the Crown alleged that she was being blackmailed by agents who had helped her come from India and was killed when she refused to continue the peyments Shortly before he was deported last February, another Indian, 27-year-old Ashok Kumar Paul, told a horrifying tale of intimidation and extortion by his compatriots He had arrived in Winnipeg in September, 1974, as a visitor from Germany and moved to Toronto after his visa expired He confided in another East Indian about his status and quickly became the target of demands for "protection" When he stopped paying because his wife was about to have a baby, he was picked up by the RCMP acting on a tip

Evelyn Murialdo, head of Toronto's Centre for Spanish-speaking Peoples,sums it up "The life of an illegal is a tragedy" One day the RCMP shows up at the factory with a list of names Or Immigration knocks on the apartment door If the illegal isn't fast enough to run out the back, or if his friends don't have time to hide him, he is another "reject" on his way back home For many, the moment brings a sense of relief The sad part is the "tip-off" "Who told on me?" is usually the first question they ask the immigration officers Anonymous tips are the main source of information for investigating officers who find they return over and over to the same factories the same crowded row houses





Passengers from Yugoslavia are detained for an interview at Toronto International that can be daylong. Below, Ed (in a posed shot) scoops an 'illegal'

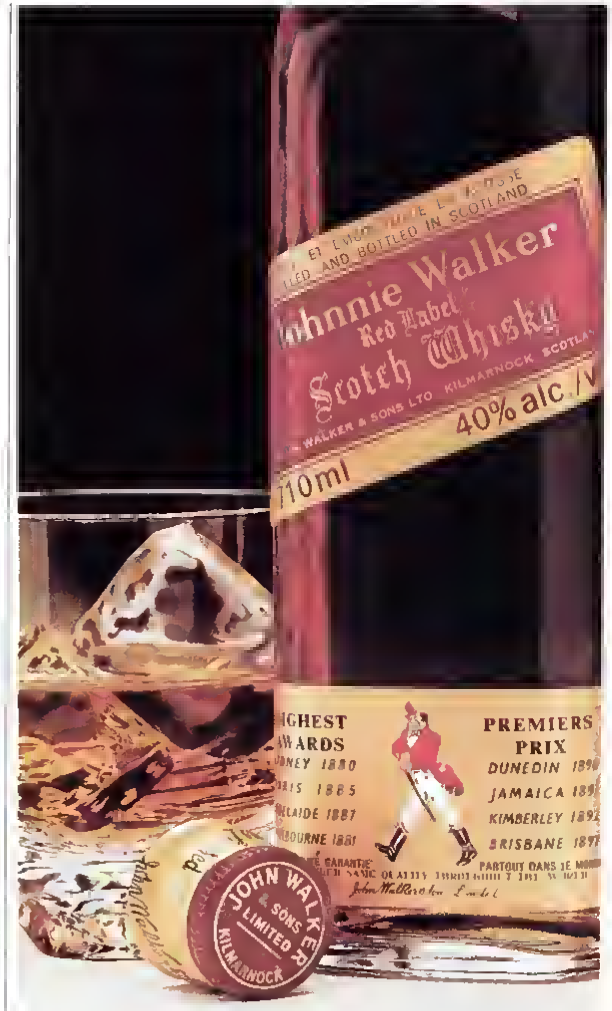
Who would tell? An employer paying below minimum reports an immigrant who has left for a better job A husband or wife reports on an errant spouse or the third party A friend reports on a friend who owes him money and doesn't want to pay it back A worker reports another worker because he covets his job The anonymous tip is like a malignant growth gnawing at the heart of the illegal's world—so much so that the going rumor, improbable and stoutly denied by Immigration, is that informants are paid for their tips Sometimes it seems to be the only explanation "He slept in our house every night We shared everything," sobbed an anguished East Indian being deported on the tip from a friend "Immigration should be forced to tell who tipped them off," adds Eugenie Pearson, a Jamaican who has watched a number of friends deported "There are legals who call about illegals, and right in their own living room they have a friend who is illegal It's a bad, bad thing"

The crackdown on illegal immigrants started in 1972 when the federal government began a series of changes in the immigration law that made it more difficult to enter Canada, legally and illegally First the right to apply for landed status while a visitor in the country was removed For years immigrants had been flocking to Canada knowing that even if they failed to meet requirements abroad they could come as visitors, apply, and find sanctuary in the appeal process for about eight years The Immigration Appeal Board, which could normally handle about 1,000 cases a year had a backlog of 20,000 cases with no relief in sight An army of immigration consultants, usually unqualified and unscrupulous travel agents or entrepreneurs, sprang up to take up their cases and their money (Recalls a Jamaican who paid an agent $3,000 and who is still tied up in the appeal process because of his mistakes "He started collecting money right away—in cash Every time he came to the door he would ask for $100")

In 1973 the government granted an amnesty and invited all visitors in the country to "make our country your country." About 50,000, including prospective dependents abroad, did so, as did the 20 000 already in the appeal process The slate was wiped clean—temporarily Since then there has been a steady tightening up In 1973 work permits were instituted and the number of appeals was drastically reduced In 1974, proof of a job offer that a Canadian or landed immigrant could not fill was required And last summer the social insurance card, once ridiculously easy to get, became valuable enough to be traded on the black market From now on, anyone not landed or Canadian gets a card with the number nine as the first digit Proof of a temporary work permit and status are required

The changes are eliciting worried murmurings from human rights groups lawyers and even the handful of reliable immigration consultants who have remained on the job after a serious drop in business Some of them say immigration officers have too much discretionary power, acting as policeman, jury and judge The special inquiry, where an immigration officer sits as a judge, is the only place most illegals can tell their story "I've watched the immigration department flip-flop from 'Let's let everybody in,' to making it impossible for anyone to get in," says J N Ormston, a former immigration officer who is now a consultant "People in the department who were really sensitive to needs have suddenly become very rigid There are people there now who delight in doing arrests They're overzealous." Lawyers complain that even the few cases eligible to go to the Immigration Appeal Board (landed immigrants facing deportation, refugees and people who claim Canadian citizenship) are resulting in stiffer decisions William Hartley, Toronto registrar for the board, agrees "Experience has made the board stricter They found over the years that people were putting things over on them" The most serious charge against our immigration policy, however, is that it permits Canadians to exploit the reserve of cheap illegal labor and clamp down when it suits them Factory owners have been more than happy to hire illegals rather than pay competitive wages, and ethnic centres receive dozens of calls each week asking for cheap domestics Says Murialdo ruefully, "Canada is letting them in—in a way There are few restrictions on who enters Now they are cracking down because of unemployment. But it's always nice to have such a work force around"

But the people who feel the most victimized by the system are those who fail to make it past the airport screening Their brief and only view of Canada is through the wired windows of an airport motel "Take a good look," an American told his Greek brother-in-law facing deportation as he pointed to the highway of fast-food outlets and parking lots just outside Malton "This is all you're going to see of Canada" Airlines are required to pay the detention and deportation costs of suspected illegals, up to $100 a day, and face a fine of up to $1,000 for transporting travelers without proper documentation If the trav-



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eler asks for refugee status—this is happening more often since the grapevine let it be known it is one of the few ways to get plugged into the appeal system—the airlines could be stuck with six months of detention costs In 1975 Air Canada handled 3,118 deportees at Toronto and Montreal at a cost of $212,768 Up to September of this year, 3,637 deportees had been sent back at a cost of $313,000 The forecast for 1977 for Toronto alone is $275,000 CP Air's costs have jumped from $29,295 in 1973 to $133,786 in 1975

On the seventh floor of the Strathcona Hotel in downtown Toronto, a cacophony of characters spill out from the black and white television sets through the always open bedroom doors into the dull carpeted halls The Muppets, greed game hosts, aging matrons scowling for the afternoon soap operas The rooms are functional plywood prisons the floor an immigration detention centre Illegals casual and restless linger out in the halls trading stories of how they were caught waiting for deportation now that the time for running has stopped Several have tried to escape through windows by tying sheets into a rope They fell and broke a few bones Last summer a 28-year-old Ecuadorian woman fell and died No one has tried it since then In the relentless bright chitchat of daytime TV their dark stories mix like oil in vinegar "Some friends see you come to this country and maybe get a job and a good life and maybe they just want to see you get thrown back down" Carmeeze from Trinidad, is only 17 years old but she is bitter Someone close turned her in. A Greek shipjumper, 20-year-old Angelos, turned himself in "It's not good to stay illegal You think any day something will happen They will catch you You can't move" A young Guyanese girl wants to stay just long enough for someone to marry her Alan, a Guyanese-born British citizen being shipped back to face a deserted wife, shouts "Look at all the land The second largest country in the world and still Immigration comes after you just because you want to better your life"

But the main attraction today is R Malik a 26-year-old Pakistani who came here two years ago through a West German connection A job in a plastic factory ended one day when the RCMP came to pick up a Jamaican girl When they left the boss asked everyone for proof of status The next day Malik and 12 others did not show up for work When they called to get the last week's pay the boss said, "I know your position Don't ask for your cheque or I will deport you" The next job in an upholstery firm paid three dollars an hour, 11 hours a day six days a week The trouble began when an Indian agent asked to borrow $2,000 Malik and a friend obliged The next time they saw him he was with the RCMP when they arrived to pick them up "We have no legs no hands, no tongues," said Malik "We are illegal"



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The NDP out of season

These should be good times for Ed Broadbent and his party, but instead they find themselves fighting for their lives

By Ian Urquhart

In a television studio beneath the House of Commons federal New Democratic Party Leader Ed Broadbent was standing before the cameras giving his views on the government's Speech from the Throne. It was, he said, a cynical speech, written with one eye on the Gallup poll. "Don't *you* read the Gallup poll?" asked a reporter. Broadbent, taken aback, blinked, then stammered: "Yes, of course, but I consider that to be quite irrelevant."

The truth, of course, is that Broadbent and his fellow New Democrats have been watching the monthly Gallup results (see chart page 62) with growing dismay of late. With public disenchantment over Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau at a peak, unemployment at a 15-year high, wage-price controls politicizing the labor movement, and a power base of two provincial NDP governments and two more provinces where the NDP forms the official opposition, the federal party should be riding a crest of popular support. Instead, it has stagnated in the polls and has been virtually ignored by the press and public in the showdown between Trudeau and the Conservatives under Joe Clark. According to the polls, it is Clark who has picked up virtually all the anti-Trudeau votes, a fact made all the more galling for the New Democrats because they consider Clark a lightweight.

While the struggle for support at the national level intensifies, the NDP's provincial power bases, long thought to be the route to power in Ottawa, have proven next to useless, provincial votes do not transfer to the federal level, something the Liberals and Conservatives learned long ago. The labor movement, the party's other power base, has also proven less than solid. The Canadian Labor Congress, prime force behind the formation of the NDP at its founding convention in the summer of 1961, is drifting away from the party and attempting to become a political force on its own. Even the traditional left-wing votes the NDP has counted on in the past may no longer be safe. In an election between Clark, who is slowly formulating a pro-free enterprise, anti-government platform, and Trudeau, whom business accuses of socialist leanings, the left may decide the NDP does not count and vote Liberal.

Faced with such a bleak outlook, NDP supporters are beginning to question the future and relevance of their party. Some fear that the next federal election, expected in 1978, could be a repeat of the 1958 election, which saw the old Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) reduced to a mere eight seats, a catastrophe that prompted the formation of the NDP. Now, says NDP-leaning columnist Larry Zolf, "It seems the federal NDP is facing for the first time in its history a real existential crisis: why exist at all? Whose views does the party reflect, what does it want to accomplish, and what can it really do that Trudeau's liberalism can't do better or isn't already doing?"

The NDP's current problems date back, paradoxically, to the 1972 federal election, the time of its biggest national triumph. The party polled 17.7% of the vote—equaling its previous high—and won 31 seats, the most ever captured by the NDP or its CCF predecessors in a general election. But with success came responsibility. Suddenly, the NDP held the balance of power and could decide who was to be Prime Minister. In a move that many party members now regard as a mistake, David Lewis, then leader of the party, and his 30 colleagues in parliament opted for Trudeau instead of Robert Stanfield. "We should have backed Stanfield and the Tories," says one NDP MP. "That would have killed the Liberals. That [killed the Liberals] is what we did at the provincial level in Ontario, British Columbia, and Manitoba. And that's what we have to do federally."

After 18 months of supporting Trudeau and enduring countless editorial cartoons and snide remarks about being in bed with the Liberals, Lewis finally decided to pull the plug in the spring of 1974. By withdrawing his party's support for the government, he forced the July, 1974 election. Many party members were critical of the decision at the time because they felt the circumstances were not right for the NDP to fight an election. Subsequent events were to prove them right. During the campaign Lewis committed what some believe to be another tactical error: he spent the first few weeks attacking the Conservatives and their plan to impose wage-price controls and succeeded only in driving more labor votes over to the Liberals. The result was a disaster for the NDP: just 16 seats and 15.4% of the vote, the party's poorest showing since 1963.

After the election, the NDP was shattered and demoralized. They had lost not just 15 seats, but their leader (Lewis was defeated in his Toronto riding by an unknown Liberal) and several of their brightest young members, including John Harney and Terry Grier in Toronto, Doug Rowland in Manitoba, Bill Knight in Saskatchewan and Mark Rose in BC. For an interim leader they turned to a reluctant Ed Broadbent from Oshawa, one of the 16 surviving MPs. Broadbent was not a great orator in the tradition of David Lewis and Tommy Douglas, his two predecessors. He had finished a mediocre fourth in the 1971 leadership convention that had elected Lewis. And he was considered wishy-washy (he helped draft the radical "Waffle" manifesto that sparked a major internal debate in the party leading up to the 1971 convention, then refused to sign it). Nonetheless, he was bright enough and he had won his own seat, something Lewis and Douglas had failed to do.

Still, Broadbent was not sure he wanted the job on a permanent basis. As the party's leadership convention loomed in 1975, he became the object of a tug-of-war between his wife, Lucille, and party officials. When some influential party members tried—unsuccessfully—to draft Liberal outcast Eric Kierans as leader, Broadbent grew angry and pulled out of the race. But the party, desperate for a credible leader, went back to him cap-in-hand to persuade him to reenter. He agreed on the condition that, if he won, he could have weekends off "to spend time with my family, listen to Bach or read novels." As it happened, he had an unexpectedly close fight for the leadership, eking out a fourth ballot win over Rosemary Brown, a previously little-known BC



Broadbent flanked by Lewis (left) and Douglas: the end of the line?

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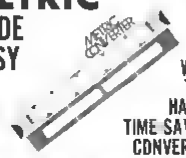
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McDermott: a long way from Utopia

MLA. The party had a new leader, but many of the faithful viewed him as a caretaker holding the fort until BC's Dave Barrett or Saskatchewan's Allan Blakeney answered the call.

Soon after the leadership convention, the Liberals introduced wage-price controls, the Conservative policy they had opposed during the 1974 election campaign. It was the most massive government intervention in the economy ever in peacetime and, with modifications, the kind of policy a socialist party could support. But the federal NDP, with one eye on its labor constituency, decided to fight controls all the way. At the same time, provincial NDP governments in Manitoba and Saskatchewan went along with the program. The labor movement was furious and began to rethink its association with the NDP. Says Dennis McDermott, Canadian director and vice-president of the United Automobile Workers, a key NDP ally: "Our recent experiences with NDP governments in the provinces have led people in the labor movement to the hard-nosed conclusion that the elevation of the NDP to power does not automatically bring about Utopia. To that extent we have to try to remain a viable politically conscious, but independent force." Nor was labor especially grateful to the federal New Democrats for their anti-controls stance. Some labor leaders feel the party has too little impact at the national level to be worth supporting. Ron Lang, research director of the Canadian Labor Congress, made the following statement in a confidential memo to the CLC executive last summer: "The tough question is: do we wait for the NDP to come to power or do we use our newfound powers to protect the workers whom we represent?"

There is still uncertainty about where the CLC and the NDP are headed. There is considerable debate inside both organizations over whether they should split, go on as before, or find some new arrangement. Some New Democrats, pointing to labor's inability to deliver trade union votes to the



NDP, favor a split on the grounds that at least then the party would not scare away non-union voters. Others, including Broadbent, view labor participation in the party as essential and are working hard to keep the CLC from drifting too far away. Whatever the outcome, the longstanding NDP-CLC alliance is now in an uncomfortable state of flux and much could depend on a meeting of the executives of the two bodies in Ottawa on November 29.

But that is only one of the problems facing the NDP. As a leftist party caught in conservative times, the NDP would seem to have little room to grow. Says Jim Laxer, former leader of the Waffle faction that broke away from the NDP and a political scientist at Toronto's York University: "The NDP decline has little to do with the performance of the party on Parliament Hill. We're dealing with a very great shift of public opinion and deep-seated sentiments and fears." One NDP MP lists some of the major issues of the day—capital punishment, abortion, prison reform, gun control—and laments: "We're on the wrong side of all those issues as far as the public is concerned." But at least on those issues the NDP knows where it stands.

Another, bigger issue—bilingualism—has the party baffled. Without a single MP from Quebec and fewer than 2,000 members in the province (compared to almost 30,000 in neighboring Ontario), the party has little sensitivity to French language aspirations and sided with the English-speaking air traffic controllers in last summer's dispute over language. Broadbent even went on national television during the dispute to question the cost of converting to bilingual air traffic control in Quebec, prompting *The Last Post*, a left-leaning magazine, to ask: "How much is national unity worth? Fifteen cents? A quarter?"

"The NDP likes to see itself as the conscience of parliament, if not as the conscience of Canada," the magazine continued, "and it might have been expected that Broadbent would keep his eye on the ball and devote his TV time to meeting the racist backlash head on. But on this issue the NDP's conscience was out to lunch." Bilingualism was supposed to be discussed late last month at a meeting of the federal council, the governing body of the NDP between conventions, but somehow the council never got around to it. Some party members wish the issue would just go away and pray that it will not be a major factor in the next federal election.



Douglas: gone but not forgotten

It is a rainy October night in North Vancouver and Ed Broadbent is speaking to about 150 party members at a community college. He talks about unemployment, "the forgotten issue," and declares: "Full employment is necessary and possible and should be a national priority of the first order. It is an NDP commitment, and it is one we insist be immediately adopted by the current government." It is a 30-minute speech, delivered in skilful but almost professorial tones that fail to arouse his audience. Only twice is he interrupted by applause and several of the faithful appear to nod off in mid-speech. Afterward, George Sawchuk, a construction worker, sums up the reaction: "Not too gutsy. He should scream and holler a little."

Later Broadbent, relaxing over a beer at a hotel bar, asks a reporter if he thinks





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Marc Eliesen: one of the good old boys

unemployment can be made into an issue in Canada. When told it is unlikely because 93% of the labor force is employed and does not care much about the remaining 7%, Broadbent grimaces and replies: "Well, I think you're wrong. I don't think people are that selfish. I think they have a sense of fair play. And I think we can make it an issue."

The son of a working class family in Oshawa, John Edward Broadbent, 40, took the academic ladder to success, attending the University of Toronto and the London School of Economics and ending up with a PhD in political science. A New Democrat who is not afraid to call himself a socialist, he is probably one of the most decent and sincere political leaders in the country. But he is also accused of being "dull," a deadly label in politics and is blamed by some for his party's poor showing in the polls. If Joe Clark is Joe Who, then Ed Broadbent is surely Whatshisname. A Gallup poll last spring showed that 68% of the respondents could not identify the national leader of the NDP (compared to 32% who could not identify the national Conservative leader). Says a west coast Liberal: "If Broadbent ever looks like he's in trouble, we should give him a scandal or two just to keep him there. He's the best leader the NDP could have as far as we're concerned."

Broadbent himself bridles at the suggestion that he is dull. "Personality is perceived in politics in relation to the power position you're in. [Saskatchewan Premier Allan] Blakeney and [Manitoba Premier Ed] Schreyer were regarded as monumental yawns before they became premiers. My guess is that if Pierre Trudeau led my party, he'd be seen as the dullest guy around. He doesn't use wild rhetoric. His



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speeches in the House of Commons are the dullest around. But his candor—as leader of the government party, has been an asset. My hunch is that if I were prime minister, the kind of intelligence and straightforwardness that I know I possess would lead people to say "That's an interesting guy." Broadbent also points out that "when we had colorful leaders like Douglas and Lewis, the party didn't do remarkably well. People can recognize them as being outstanding men, but that doesn't mean they're going to vote for them. In fact, the kind of rhetorical flourish they had may be unappealing to people who aren't already committed to the NDP."



Broadbent and leadership opponent Rosemary Brewn: too close for comfort

Broadbent concedes that the party was drifting for a while under his leadership but says he has been working hard in recent months to turn it around. One area in which he has concentrated is policy development. Since World War II the CCF-NDP have watched the Liberals take over virtually all their policies, one by one. Now, if it is to survive, the party must develop new issues. It is a task that has been performed well by the provincial parties, but the federal party has stumbled since the Waffle purge in the early 1970s. To broaden the narrow base of his tiny band of 16 MPs in parliament and to handle policy development, Broadbent has created a whole range of party committees under the general direction of Jack Weldon, professor of economics at McGill University and an innovative thinker. Even former Waffle leader Jim Laxer has been brought back into the fold to work on energy policy.

But the biggest changes have come in Broadbent's own office, which was in a shambles for about a year following the leadership convention. To straighten it out, Broadbent recalled two old Lewis aides, Murray Weppler and Marc Eliesen, as his executive assistant and research director respectively. The initial result was, perhaps, predictable. Broadbent immediately took off on an anti-profit campaign that was reminiscent of Lewis' "corporate welfare bum" pitch four years before. He was attempting to show that while wages are being controlled by the Anti-Inflation Board, profits are not. The problem with the campaign was that his figures were out of date. A recent survey by the Toronto *Globe and Mail*'s *Report on Business* showed that the combined profits of 97 major Canadian corporations had risen a scant one-tenth of 1% during the first year of the controls program. The campaign did manage to attract some headlines, but Broadbent soon dropped it, perhaps realizing its limitations. He is now busy trying to make unemployment an issue. He also plans to make major policy statements on such other issues as energy and housing. He was even planning to announce an "incomes policy," a euphemism for wage-price controls with a redistributive ele-



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ment, something the NDP has backed away from until now

Despite the conservative mood of the country Broadbent is convinced the public is ready for radical solutions to economic problems—as long as they are not couched in socialist rhetoric Thus, he will not talk of taking over the banks but will recommend instead that they be required to invest their money in socially beneficial areas such as housing He will not suggest "soaking the rich" but he is toying with the idea of a $100,000 ceiling on an individual's annual income

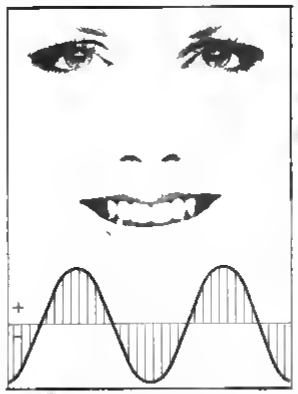
But Broadbent's proposals for creating more jobs, including tax credits for the poor, a home-repair program, and a crash program for insulating homes seem more liberal than socialist Indeed, the government is actively considering adopting some of these proposals and the NDP may find it has once again lost its policies to the Liberals With this in mind, some prominent New Democrats have criticized the job-creation proposals for not being radical enough Says former MP (and Broadbent leadership opponent) John Harney "We have to make sure not to do what some Liberals are already doing badly" Broadbent responds that people want "realistic" programs, and adds "We're not saying you can create Utopia over-night"

By taking definite policy stands, Broadbent hopes not only to present the NDP to the electorate as a viable alternative but also to smoke out the Conservatives who have heretofore avoided staking out positions At the same time, he believes the NDP has got to stop adopting every fad issue or minority concern that comes along, "whether it's the homosexual minority or whatever Because of the very decent impulses of members of the party to protect the aggrieved individual, there is a tendency to want to project minority grievances into a national thrust for policy The party is then perceived as being just concerned with this or that minority group The concerns of the majority should be the principal thrust of a democratic socialist movement This doesn't mean a cynical disregard of minority concerns, it means putting them in the right perspective so as not to make their concerns the overriding concern" All of which means that Broadbent can be expected to take more conservative stands than his predecessors on issues such as immigration, native land claims, and the environment where minority rights might clash with majority concerns such as jobs

This approach might clash with the more traditional NDP view that, if the cause is right the party should adopt it as its own and the electoral consequences be damned 'We've been out in front on issues like nationalism, pollution and women's rights," says former MP Mark Rose, "and there is no doubt that has hurt us But if we don't popularize these issues, who else is going to?" Answers Broadbent "We have to consider more mundane but real, practical issues that affect people"

In addition to policy matters, Broadbent has also put a new emphasis on party organization at the national level Previously, the party was dependent on its provincial arms for organization and funding The federal machinery just came into being at election time The results were often comical as first Tommy Douglas and then David Lewis struggled to carry on national campaigns with ill-coordinated, provincially based organizations On one legendary day during Lewis' last campaign in 1974 the NDP leader took all morning to fly into St John's Newfoundland on a milk-run flight from Halifax in order to make one speech to about 50 longshoremen and fishermen and then spent all afternoon and evening getting from Newfoundland to New Brunswick He arrived exhausted at his hotel at about 11 p m having devoted a whole day to one speech in a lost-cause riding Now, however, an election campaign team has already been set up with former MP Terry Grier now dean of arts at Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, as its chairman They have begun targeting the 50-odd seats where the NDP has a decent chance of winning in the next election, all of them in English Canada and more than half of them in Ontario Quebec has been written





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Not just a typical political wife and certainly not what the media has depicted her as . . . meet the real Maureen McTeer . .
in Chatelaine Oct. 76

Something every Maclean's reader should know ...about chatelaine

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Ex-leader Lewis: stature, yes, but votes?

off Broadbent calls this "taking the pursuit of power seriously." But the danger with writing off Quebec is that the rest of the country, particularly Ontario, may not take the NDP seriously as a national party. Says Lewis, with the voice of experience: "It's kind of a vicious circle. People don't vote for you because you can't win, and because they don't vote for you, you can't win."

"I don't get grey hair because of the slowness of the federal march to power," Lewis adds. "That was inevitable once the NDP proved unable to sink roots in Quebec. Once that happened there was no way in which the party could have quick-marched to federal office. But I have confidence it will come eventually. In the interim, the party will have had a beneficial influence on Canada. Let's not forget that. The traditional concept is that if you're a political party you want power, and if you don't get it you're nothing. Well, I don't subscribe to that point of view."

The future is murky for the NDP. If the Liberals regain lost ground and pull up close to the Conservatives, allowing the NDP to run up the middle in an election as in 1972; if Jimmy Carter succeeds in popularizing unemployment as an issue in the United States, enabling Broadbent to ride his coattails; if the Liberals drift to the right, leaving a vacuum on the left of the political spectrum with only the NDP to fill it; if the country drifts back to the centre, reversing the current rightward trend; and if bilingualism and national unity are not election issues, then the NDP could hang on. But unless most, if not all, of these conditions are met, the party could be back where it started after the 1958 election and be forced to go through the agonizing process of picking up the pieces again.

In the meantime, Ed Broadbent plods on and suffers the monthly insult of the Gallup poll. "The polls are disappointing, obviously," he says. "But they're not as bad as they look." And an NDP MP scoffs at the suggestion that some elements of the party might be plotting to remove Broadbent because of the polls. "Quite frankly," he says, "no one else wants the job." ☐

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F. Nineteen diamonds in cocktail classic, $_____

G. Fifteen diamonds in matching earrings and pendant, $_____

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J. Gents' modern solitaire, $_____

K. Fourteen diamonds in gold studs, $_____

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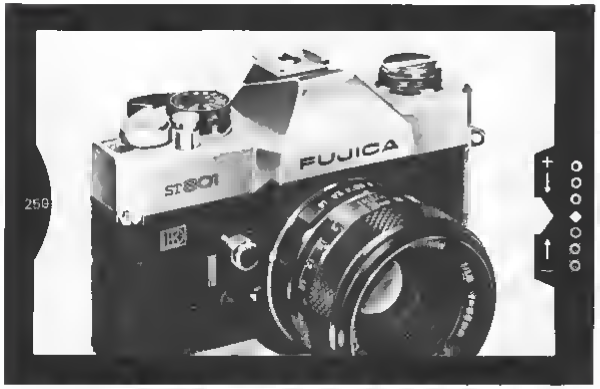
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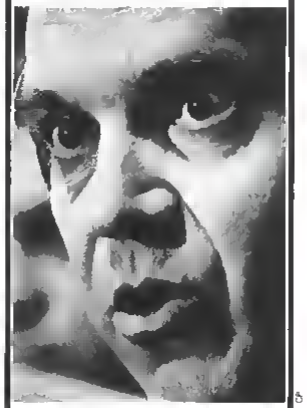
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How the New Democrats fare at the polls

CCF-NDP popular vote counts in elections, and recent Gallup poll results: a long road to nowhere?



ELECTION RESULTS

Year	% Vote
1935 (CCF)	8.9
1940	8.5
1945	15.7
1949	13.4
1953	11.3
1957	10.8
1958	9.5
1962 (NDP)	13.4
1963	13.1
1965	17.7
1968	17.0
1972	17.7
1974	15.4

GALLUP

Month	% Poll
September 1974	16
January 1975	17
July	17
November	22
January 1976	17
March	17
April	17
May	21
June	16
July	17
August	17
September	16
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The World

White Rhodesia in its days of reckoning

By Robin Wright

The throbbing rock blaring across radio Rhodesia's morning show was interrupted with a new song, one heard only in Rhodesia, but a record unavailable in Salisbury shops It's already been sold out

Don't say good-bye to Rhodesia/ When what you means is totsiens [Afrikaans for au revoir]*/ Don't let depression ever seize you/ Forget what can't be foreseen / Don't say good-bye to Rhodesia/ When you mean just cheerio / Cheap beer and baccy ought to please you,/ Stay here and give it a go*

The words, sung to an upbeat show tune reminiscent of *Hello, Dolly*, reflect the troubled mood among whites in the southern African territory—questioning and doubt. Love of the country and fear of the future, growing despair over what comes next and what to do

Don't say good-bye to Rhodesia/ When what you mean is au revoir/ Memories of good times,/ They'll never leave you/ Soon you'll return from afar / Don't say good bye to Rhodesia/ When what you mean is auf wiedersehen/ Sunshine and laughter all to please you/ Soon you will come back again

Whatever happens at the Geneva Peace negotiations among the British, white Rhodesians and four black nationalist leaders, the people back home finally realize—after 11 years of stubborn complacency and stunning defiance of hostile world opinion, political isolation and economic sanctions—that, one way or another, Rhodesia's 6.3 million Africans will be taking over the reins of power in the near future. Few of the 277,000 whites believe the new Zimbabwe—the African name for Rhodesia, will permit the lifestyle they are used to—the white advantages of cheap black labor, first claim on prime land and prime jobs. But the question for most of them now is whether they can make a better life elsewhere than Zimbabwe will offer.

Nick Boothby hopes so. He, his wife, Liz, and their three children said good-bye to Rhodesia in September and moved to Canada, leaving behind a six-bedroom, fully furnished house on seven acres of colonial, subtropical gardens with swimming pool and tennis court. He could not sell the place, which matters little since emigrants can take out only $1,600 (U.S.) under a new restriction issued in July, down from $8,000 (U.S.). So the house on Salisbury's most exclusive Orange Grove Drive was rented to one of the many foreign correspondents, who are now arriving in droves, for $250 a month—which includes the wages of three servants and a gardener. Boothby is one of the luckier departing whites. He was born in Canada when his British father was stationed there with the British armed forces so he doesn't have to fight the tight immigration laws that make residency difficult.



Rhodesian reservists riding shotgun on a South Africa-Rhodesia convoy: war footing

The problems of leaving and setting up in Canada, Australia, New Zealand or Britain—the most common choices for exiting whites now that neighboring South Africa has its own problems—is the main reason many whites have stayed on. "Who wants me? Where can I find a job or a life like this? I'd have to start from scratch. I just can't do it at my age," lamented an angry white farmer who has seriously considered leaving. His farm near Centenary in the northeast corner has been hard hit by insurgents based in neighboring Mozambique. His nearest neighbor, Petrus Naude, was killed in a guerrilla ambush in late October while loading his truck with tobacco. Naude's body was riddled with bullets, then dumped in a car and set on fire, according to the farmer. But the farmer also does not want to live under a black government. He grimaced bitterly as he talked about the implications of majority rule. "I know it won't work. The Africans can't do half as much for their own people as we can. This place will disintegrate. I can't bear to see it destroyed. I'll burn down my place and anything of value before I turn it over." But the options, if he chooses to leave, are few and the problems immense, so he hasn't made a final decision—not an unusual position for the remaining whites, as the black market suggests. Legally equivalent to the British pound, the Rhodesian dollar can now be exchanged for one American dollar on the black market—a loss of 60 cents per dollar. "I really don't believe in this type of thing. I feel dirty every time I do it," a white businessman explained to a journalist recently. "But I have to have contingency funds to protect my family. We can't get very far on the money we're allowed to take out. I have to be prepared for all possibilities. Anything could happen now."

There is another ballad on the Rhodesian airwaves, another song that tells the trauma of white Rhodesia, another song hard to find in the local music shops be-

cause of its popularity Rather appropriately, it was written and sung by Prime Minister Smith's son-in-law

We are all Rhodesians/And we'll all fight through thick and thin / We'll keep our land a free land,/Stop the enemy from coming in /This mighty land shall prosper/For Rhodesians never die /They can send their men to murder/And shout their words of hate /But the cost of keeping this land free/Can never be too great /And if we have to go alone /We'll go alone with pride /We will stand tall in the sunshine/With truth upon our side

It isn't just the possibility of life under a black government that frightens whites It is also the war, the four-year-old campaign that has, in the past 10 months, expanded from minor border skirmishes shrugged off by civilians to frequent and serious attacks on white homesteads, African reserves, railways and stores deep inside the country No road outside the urban centres is safe to drive after dusk Many roads are closed off at night, others are patrolled by military convoys escorting motorists After four years, the war is finally visible In downtown Salisbury, the sleepy capital of quaint British streets and colonial gardens, army trucks and jeeps now rumble regularly down the main thoroughfares Fatigue-clad "troopies," as they are fondly called here, have infiltrated the posh bars, once frequented only by gowned women and dinner-jacketed men

Many Rhodesian families do not dare vacation near the borders and South Africans will not risk the increasing odds against an untroubled holiday Three South African motorcycle tourists were killed in a guerrilla ambush on Easter Sunday Two Spanish tourists were killed while hunting in the northwest in August A tourist hotel at Victoria Falls was hit with grenades and automatic gunfire on October 30 killing one white And another South African has been missing since he went climbing in the eastern highlands several months ago As tensions reach a peak, new security fences and outside lights reveal the growing fears Mine-proofed pickups and Land Rovers have become a necessity now that guerrillas are planting landmines on paved roads as well as dirt streiches On bar walls, kitchen clipboards and school notebooks, bright pink, green and blue stickers remind Rhodesians to "think about national security, don't talk about it " The government published a series of stickers that warn

YOUR WORDS COULD KILL
BIG EARS IS A TERRORIST
WOMEN S LIB IS ONE THING
WOMEN'S LIP ANOTHER

Since late September, when Prime Minister Ian Smith announced his government would surrender power, the war has intensified dramatically, with incursions by both Mozambique and Zambian-based guerrillas almost doubling Yet there is an air of secrecy about the war from the government. Military communiqués, now issued almost daily compared with weekly statements two months ago, reveal only attacks and deaths, but never locations, details, timing and seldom do Rhodesians see television reports on the war since journalists are rarely allowed anywhere near the action


SIPA PRESS

A farmer's wife practises with an automatic rifle, 'just in case': to the death?

"We hear descriptions of what's really happening from our friends [at the battle-fronts] or men in the army " a white-haired Salisbury matron explained "That's about the only way we know how grim it's all becoming."

Every white Asian and colored (mixed race) male between 18 and 38 now is liable for national service and men up to 55 back them up in the reserves—nicknamed "Dad's army " "We know we can't win this thing," says a middle-aged advertising executive "I guess it's now just a matter of whether we can hold them back for a while " But attrition from the white exodus—expected to total at least 10,000 this year—and the sinking morale among the white troops as majority rule becomes inevitable has increased the crisis of confidence

One song that is not heard on radio Rhodesia these days is *Nyika Weda* or translated from the Shona tribal dialect, *Our Country* But its popularity at least matches any other single tune in Rhodesia It has basically only one line, sung over and over and over in harmony "We will take our country with the bazooka " The ominous one-sentence song indicates Rhodesia's Africans are finally waking up to the possibilities their future holds the fact that whites will not dominate forever What does an African government mean to the average black? "I can run this restaurant " a young waiter smiled proudly He now earns $75 (U S) a month Said an aging domestic maid after a long moment of reflection "My family, we can move out of Harari[a black slum outside Salisbury] into the Europeans' area " To a black porter who now rides his bike between the townships and the city centre, independence means a car "A better job with some real responsibility," said a young government employee in a lower civil service position

But there is also a noticeable new pride, a political awareness mainly among urban blacks, that power is within reach The real estate agent for Nick Boothby's home recently caught one of the "houseboys," a longtime, loyal and dependable servant, listening to the militant, anti-Rhodesian propaganda program on radio Mozambique When asked if he liked the program and listened to it regularly the houseboy grinned widely and said, in a statement that typifies the "twilight zone" of transition for Rhodesia's Africans "Yes, boss "

Rhodesia's blacks are better "qualified" than in any other African country on the eve of self-government It has the lowest black illiteracy rate on the continent and a growing middle class to back up the African elite in business, education, medicine and social services—a fact almost ironically, that whites like to point out, saying proudly that without the European presence the African would still be working fields in his native village Yet 80% still do live in what the government calls Tribal Trust Lands, some unaware of territory beyond their villages not realizing there are national boundaries They live in traditional tribal thatch huts following traditional tribal customs and the local witch doctor is still the most powerful man in their lives One-man, one-vote is a system almost incomprehensible to this majority, since the tribal chieftainship is handed down by birthright unquestioned "They just need to be 'politicized,' " explained an executive member of the African National Council, one of Rhodesia's several factionalized nationalist organizations

The Africans have been the main victims of the war Fifty-six white civilians have died since the guerrilla campaign opened in December 1972 compared with more than 2 000 African civilians The Africans are the main targets because they are suspected of cooperating with the government or having family in the Rhodesian army or police As the government has documented in two pamphlets illustrated with grisly, often chilling photos, a common guerrilla tactic is to cut off the ears nose and lips of black villagers In some instances the victims have been forced to eat the cut off skin, often in front of family members

Just which way the traumas of the war and the 86-year European presence and domination has pushed the majority of Africans is unknown No national poll or referendum has ever been taken Even the increasing popularity of the song *Nyika Weda* in the small scattered villages for years cut off from nationalist leaders and sophisticated African thinking offers little concrete proof As one white liberal commented "For all I can tell, they sing it because they like the tune "





Brzezinski, Rivlin and Brimmer: a little something for all the good folks who made the Carter victory possible

THE U S

Changing of the Guard

In tiny Plains, Georgia, President-elect Jimmy Carter was calmly keeping his own counsel, gradually shortening an enormous list of aspirants for places in his first administration But in Washington, DC often referred to as the rumor capital of the world, everything was in turmoil, as speculation about who the successful bidders will be reached a crescendo And, as a handpicked Carter team arrived to prepare the take-over of the White House from Gerald Ford, much of the gossip centred on Montreal-raised McGill-educated Zbigniew Brzezinski

Brzezinski 48, was seen as the man most likely to be named Carter's national security adviser the job that Henry Kissinger was appointed to by President Nixon in 1968 Born in Poland, Brzezinski emigrated with his family to Montreal when he was 10, received his early education in the city's Roman Catholic school system, and graduated with a master's degree in political science from McGill before moving on to Harvard Now research director for the Institute on Communist Affairs at Columbia, Brzezinski has kept his hand in Democratic politics since the mid-1960s and became a mainstay among Carter's foreign policy advisers during the recent campaign

Widely tipped as the new secretary of state to succeed Kissinger were Paul Austin, 61, chairman of the Coca-Cola Empire, or Cyrus Vance, 59, a deputy defense secretary in the Kennedy and Johnson years. Austin served as an adviser to Carter when he was governor of Georgia and Vance, along with Brzezinski, was a frequent counselor on foreign affairs during the campaign Women considered most likely to succeed Barbara Jordan, a black member of Congress from Texas who gave the keynote address at the Democratic convention and may be headed either for the attorney general's office or secretary of housing and urban development Alice Rivlin, a prominent economist and director of the congressional budget office, who was frequently mentioned as a possible secretary of commerce or secretary for the office of management and the budget

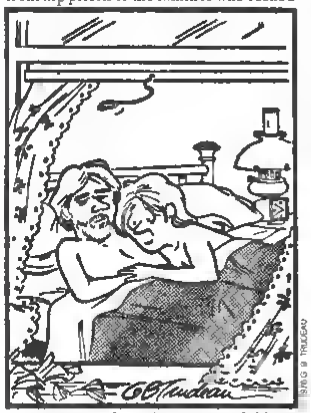
Carter is also heavily indebted to blacks for his victory and he seemed likely to put at least one in a top policy job Among the names being mentioned were those of Andrew Young, a Georgia congressman, and Andrew Brimmer, a noted economist Meanwhile, as the new crop of Democrats, many of them southern (see box) flooded eagerly into Washington, dispirited Republicans began clearing their administration offices At the President Ford committee headquarters a few blocks from the White House, still loyal supporters displayed their feelings by hanging a sign from their tenth floor offices "There goes the neighborhood " **WILLIAM LOWTHER**

Bah Geohgia, ah think he's got it

Not only is the race on to find jobs in Jimmy Carter's Washington there's also a frantic scramble to bone up on Southern patois A number of publications have already appeared to explain the new language and others are scheduled for publication before inauguration day Among other things, they explain that if a man is referred to as above his raisin ' it means he likes his whiskey from a glass instead of a jug Or if he's ' gonnin' like a jackass eatin briars he's been caught doing something dreadful and is extremely embarrassed There are also multiple application southern words such as ' eh ' as in Ah think ah've got somethin in mah ah Anyone taking a disorderly approach to his job would be considered 'like John Harris's mule John Harris was a legendary southerner who when his mule plowed into a board fence, commanded "Naw he ain't blind He jes' don't give a damn " Someone who is considered unsightly would be " so ugly his mammy had to borrow a baby to carry to church ' But one expression that seems destined for obscurity in the moralistic Carter White House is ' split-lin the quill —getting divorced

People

When an unwed mother-to-be turned up in Mary Worth, much ado was made about it But an even greater breakthrough in comic stripdom occurred over the week ending November 13 in the widely syndicated *Doonesbury* two characters, Joanie Caucus and Rick Redfern, making love The significance, as immense as it would seem to be, has gone pretty much unnoticed perhaps because Doonesbury creator **Garry Trudeau** (a distant relative of the Prime Minister) has made a practice of innovation From the time he began the strip, while still at Yale, Trudeau has used his four daily panels to comment, with Swiftian wit and compassion, on the American scene Nothing was sacred from Richard Nixon to the anti-war movement from hip priests to the families who rushed



knee-jerk to adopt Vietnamese children, from white bigotry to Black Power And sometimes, as in the case of Joanie and Rick, Trudeau has simply shown the beauty of the human condition

Glenda Jackson is generally considered to be among the best actresses extant Perhaps even *the* best Oscars for *A Touch Of Class* and *Women In Love* tend to support, if not confirm, that contention A natural question for Jackson, once asked by an interviewer in New York where she was promoting her latest film, *The Incredible Sarah*, is what actresses influenced you as a child? Thorndike? Evans? Anderson? Hepburn? All of the above? None of the above it was **Esther Williams.** "When I was about 12," said the now-40 Jackson, "I tried—oh,



Williams and Jackson: heroine worship

how I tried—at the local swimming pools to be just like her I tried smiling underwater and once I virtually drowned What an extraordinary creature Esther was Really "

It's not the principle of the thing, it's the money Or maybe it's both Who knows? In any case **Anne Getty,** the 24-year-old granddaughter of the late **J. Paul Getty,** is contesting his will While she draws about a million dollars a year from the family trust set up by her grandfather, that's small change when one considers he was worth at his death somewhere between two billion and three billion dollars (by educated guess) She has filed suit in California, charging that her grandfather, who was 83 when he died last June, was not of sound mind when he signed his final will and that he was persuaded by key aides to switch the bulk of his estate from the family to the Getty Museum being constructed near Los Angeles One of the aides named, accountant Norris Bramlett (now the museum's director), insists "Anne Getty is a lovely girl, but she is misguided in this matter "

U S Representatives **Andrew Jacobs Jr.** and **Martha Keys** (both Democrats) are no longer merely the first and only married couple to serve in the House Added to that distinction is a second one they are the first married couple ever re-elected to it. For Keys who represents a Kansas district, it was a squeaker (so much so that as the last *Maclean's* went to press, she looked like a loser) but Jacobs had little trouble in Indiana The theory is that it was not her divorce and remarriage during the last session of Congress that hurt Keys so much as the feeling—exploited by her Republican opponent, who referred to her as "the congresswoman from Indiana"—that she would not be too interested in her home district any more Jacobs with whom she shares a Washington



Keys: home is where the votes are

home and a seat on the House Ways and Means Committee campaigned on her behalf in Topeka arguing that if (for instance) her husband were an army officer stationed in Korea, would that make a difference in her commitment to her district?

If **Joe Clark** seems a little grouchier than usual in the Commons over the next while bear with him as likely as not it ll be because he was up at 2 a m walking the floor with and/or feeding little Catherine Jane He has committed himself to go 50-50 with wife **Maureen McTeer** in the caring-for of their eight-pound eight ounce daughter After all, he's already agonized through the 10 hours of labor McTeer had, and stayed with her in the delivery room "I went at her suggestion " he says "And though I've learned to take



McTeer and Catherine Jane: daddy's girl

most things calmly, when I saw the child being born I lost my calm " McTeer will soon be back at law school—there are exams to be written in mid-December—and a full-time nanny will be employed at Stornoway As far as the child's name is concerned it was McTeer's choice "If it had been a boy then it would have been the leader's job," according to his press secretary

Sports

Inside the Rangers' rookie silver lining, the usual big black cloud



Esposito, Ferguson and Pete Stemkawski, appropriately bleak; and Murdoch beating Washington's Ron Low in a losing cause

The current National Hockey League season is barely two months old and already the pattern for the year seems fixed The Montreal Canadiens and the New York Islanders have established themselves as the two teams to beat, hockey fans in half a dozen cities are protesting the quality of the game by staying away in droves—so much so that NHL and rival World Hockey Association owners are considering a merger and New York's fickless Rangers, who haven't won a Stanley Cup in 26 years, are again buried last in the Patrick division

With the notable exception of rookie Don Murdoch, New York's first draft choice last June the Rangers have been singularly unimpressive During last month's record-setting string of seven straight losses on home ice Gotham's gallery gods ignored their traditional "Go Rangers Go" chant in favor of a derisive roar "Re-fund Re-fund " Indeed, the remarks of Manhattan's fans have been so provocative that even the team's native New Yorker, Nick Fotiu, recently climbed over the glass at Madison Square Garden to go into the stands to fight "If they don't like us," screamed Fotiu later, "let 'em go see the Islanders play "

Unfortunately, the first-place Islanders with only 14,865 seats in their Nassau Coliseum, have little room for expatriate Rangers' rooters "What a lot of people forget," says New York coach John Ferguson "is that we're rebuilding, going with more kids—Mark Heaslip, Dave Farrish Mike McEwen, Murdoch, Fotiu—than most other clubs. It takes time to get them to jell."

The one bright spot in the Rangers' catalogue of misfortunes is rookie Murdoch, a confident 20-year-old left-winger out of Cranbrooke, BC Murdoch, who likes to bet, last summer wagered $1,000 with his older brother Bob—a second-year forward with the Cleveland Barons—that he would outscore Bob during the current season Based on his performance to date the younger Murdoch appears likely to collect After 18 games, he had scored 17 goals (only one less than league-leader Steve Shutt), had tied an NHL record for goals in one game by a rookie (five), and was the NHL pacesetter in power-play goals (eight) game winning goals (five) and points by a rookie (25) "He knows what he's doing from the blue line in," says Ferguson "He accelerates like a jackrabbit and his shot is very accurate He plays like a professional 20 years his elder "

Murdoch's chef d'oeuvre was produced last month in Bloomington, Minnesota, when he scored five goals (on 10 shots) tying the record for rookies set by Howie Meeker of the Toronto Maple Leafs in 1947 Never in their 51-year history had a Ranger tallied five goals in one game These sharpshooting skills are not the result of accident As a youth in Cranbrook, he fired 200 pucks a day at a steel and plywood cage in the family backyard

Don's most spectacular—and unusual—goal was scored last month in Vancouver Murdoch had manoeuvred around Canucks' defenseman Harold Snepsts and skated into the clear when Snepsts threw his stick at the Ranger. A penalty shot was called Murdoch then wagered five dollars with New York goalie Gilles Gratton that he would score, took the puck at centre ice and moved in on Vancouver netminder Curt Ridley. Suddenly, a spectator threw a souvenir puck directly into the path of Murdoch Without breaking stride Murdoch zipped a low stick-side shot past Ridley "I never saw the other puck," Murdoch remembers "All I saw was the goalie and the net "

A product of the Medicine Hat Tigers of the Western Canada Hockey League (where in two years he scored 170 goals), Murdoch became an instant favorite in New York when, in his NHL debut, he diverted attention from the onetime goal-scoring king Phil Esposito by collecting two goals He followed that with the five-goal game then added two more in a 5-2 win over Cleveland "Now," says Murdoch, "all I hear when I'm out there is 'We want more ' It seems like they expect a five-goal game every time now "

Murdoch's problem would be less noticeable but for the underachievement of his teammates, particularly Esposito and ex-Toronto Toros' Pat Hickey and Wayne Dillon Adds Murdoch "The fans should realize that this is probably the youngest team in the league We have half a dozen rookies, and four or five veterans are only 21 or 22 We need a boost, not booing." On the support of Garden fans, however, Murdoch would be well advised not to wager

STAN FISCHLER

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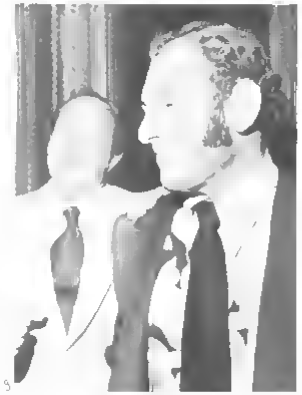
Sports column by Dan Proudfoot

Once again sitcom triumphs over legitimate theatre As the Canadian Football League gets down to the supposed high drama of the Grey Cup, pre-curtain chatter isn't so much about the nation's gridiron final as it is about yet another installment of (canned laughter) the Toronto Argonauts Indeed, the Argo Show has been so successful at the box office if not on the field that, with the halfback Anthony (A D) Davis and sophomore coach Russ Jackson recently written out of the scripts, owner Bill Hodgson is considering reruns In the wings waits former coach Leo Cahill like Lazarus himself, preening for his return from exile in the land of radio commentators Why just consider the possibilities the spin-offs

But before warming to the glow of the Argonauts future it might be instructive and certainly amusing to recall the season past, including Anthony Davis, this year's one-million-dollar Savior Davis ushered in on a tornado of hype was supposed to wreck the CFL as a rusher Instead he condescended to run somewhat delicately for 415 yards—about $481 93 for each yard or some $13 per inch But then Tony couldn't be blamed entirely He said so himself, before leaving to sign with the NFL Tampa Bay Buccaneers

Davis blamed smilin' Russ Jackson, who had another problem his several bosses demonstrated no confidence in his coaching Bill Hodgson, a raucous nationalist and business baron (he owns the Skyline Hotels chain), announced when he hired Jackson in 1975 that the perennial Argo problem was that no head coach was ever given enough time to build the team That Hodgson guaranteed would now change In making the difficult transition from great Canadian quarterback to great Canadian coach, Jackson would have a five-year contract, estimated at $75,000 a year The Happy Hotelier was conspicuously absent however, when his new general manager, Dick Shatto announced that corporate patience had run out Exit Jackson

Jackson can smile again—and no doubt will—at the irony of maintaining the Argo tradition Only last January general manager John Barrow was sent home to his Hamilton steak house, with a year to go on his contract. Snarls Barrow "With any professional team I've known, if there's a consistent failure to put together a successful combination there's only one place to look That's the top Capable people hire capable people and stick with them Look at the successful





Hodgson and Jackson (above), Davis and McKay (below): you don't gotta believe

teams Edmonton stuck with Norm Kimball through all of the early criticism because they knew he was capable Same with Ken Preston in Saskatchewan I have great respect for Mr Hodgson But when you get too emotional you make mistakes Bad mistakes"

It was quick-draw Hodgson who decided to ignore established budget policies and sign the highly touted Davis "I would not have signed Anthony Davis," Barrow says "I would have stuck with Doyal Orange, who got more than 1 000 yards in 1975 By the way, have you noticed how Jimmy Edwards has done for Hamilton?" Every bit the runner (1 046 yards) A D was supposed to be Edwards had been recruited by Barrow for Toronto in 1975 but left the team without getting a trial, convinced that Jackson wasn't interested in him

This year of course was to have been different Behind Jackson was that wonderful support team of Hodgson, Dick Shatto and J I Albrecht the manager of football operations "Dick Shatto is the overall boss" Hodgson explained contradicting himself in the next breath "He reports to me We have breakfast every morning" Certainly Jackson wasn't the boss After it had become clear that Jackson did not want an offensive coordinator, Dave Smith was imported to coordinate the Argo offense

Argo owners have been hiring and firing Saviors since 1954 when Frank Clair who had coached the team to two Grey Cups in his first three seasons, was offered a contract he could only refuse "I believe you can peg it down to the lack of systematic approach in administration," says Clair "I've always believed the coach should be the dominant person in an organization His relationship with the players makes him more important than the general manager" Argonauts wanted Frank Clair back in 1964, but he wouldn't come Once was enough

For Leo Cahill waiting in the wings, once wasn't quite enough He'd made it to the Grey Cup with his Argos in 1971, lost and had been fired the next year But, he has never forgotten that he is the only man in two decades to turn the Argos into winners This year he's been working as a local radio sports announcer, getting up at 4 45 a m to prepare his early morning newscast Radio wasn't Leo's first career choice and he would have few regrets about having to sleep in until 7 a m —before having breakfast with Bill Hodgson Not incidentally, Hodgson is an old friend Cahill has gone fishing with Hodgson, has visited him at his Florida retreat "The head coach has got to have the freedom to move fast," says Cahill "If he has a chance to make a player move, he has to be able to make it without getting somebody's okay"

Still, like any prospective Argo coach, Cahill must be thinking of the very point Frank Clair made 20 years ago "Of all the Canadian clubs in big league football," Clair said, "Toronto has given its fans the most amateurish administrative deal since I arrived in 1950" "That' laughs Cahill "is a saying that has stood the test of time"

Business

Separatism may scare businessmen, but it's the socialism that terrifies



"Mr. Cartwheel here is concerned about Quebec's political situation and wants his overdraft transferred to our Calgary branch"

The aftermath of the Parti Québécois' election victory found the Canadian business community fervently imitating the action of Alberta's young pronghorn antelopes, freezing when danger threatens into a protective immobility so total that only their eyes move, wildly, as hunters drop the net over them The abrupt materialization of a separatist government, despite all warnings came as a profound shock "We made book in the office," reported an executive of one major Montreal-based manufacturer "and no one bet on anything worse than a Liberal minority" T J Bell, chairman of Abitibi Paper Company Ltd which has extensive Quebec interests through its purchase of Price Company Limited in 1974 had five dollars saying that the Liberals would get 67 seats (he was one of the few businessmen to admit publicly that the result "appalled" him) But it was the PQ's socialism rather than the threat of its separatism that was arousing most alarm "Dave Barrett wasn't a patch on these guys," shuddered one Montreal corporate head, who was anxious not to be quoted, voicing a widespread fear of the man behind the respected Lévesque and his ability to control them

Apart from their normal mixture of caution reticence and acute fear of government retaliation, much of the Canadian business community with interests in Quebec really had little to talk about Short-term their options are very limited Noranda Mines Limited cannot uproot its mines Many larger corporations such as Canadian Pacific Limited, with head offices in Quebec, are believed to have contingency plans for evacuation, although some have apparently been neglected since the FLQ scare of 1970 But for, say, the Bank of Montreal to transform itself into the First Canadian Bank and alight in Toronto (thus confirming the common but much-denied explanation for the discrepancy in size and grandeur between its new Toronto branch and old Montreal head offices) would be an agonizing and risky step Moreover, the professional managers of large corporations are not enthusiastic about moving For them, it would represent personal financial tragedy their savings are largely tied up in houses at a time when the Montreal real estate market is a catastrophe

There was some movement of money, of course much of it highly publicized It is clear, despite soothing denials from the banks, that there was a substantial flight of stock certificates and deposits from Quebec, such border towns as Plattsburg in New York State and Hawkesbury in Ontario reported large numbers of nervous Quebeckers renting safety deposit boxes and opening accounts Some lawyers received a flood of inquiries from smaller firms, often incorporated in Quebec who are tentatively investigating the legal and fiscal implications of leaving

The stock market itself has been subsiding disappointingly for the last few months, but it still managed a sharp downward stab in the two days after the election, mainly due to pressure on Quebec-based corporations Alcan Aluminium Limited lost more than 10%, apparently because of fears about its contractual access to relatively cheap power in Quebec Stock brokers maintained brightly that the decline was a temporary emotional reaction, al-



FINANCIAL TIMES



Bell (above) was 'appalled,' but for Lafferty (above left) and De Grandpré (below) a case of What, Me Worry?



although the advent of Barrett's NDP government in British Columbia led to a similar emotional reaction which lasted for two years Significantly, the volume traded was not large, indicating that the sellers were small investors who couldn't find buyers

What Canadian businessman almost unanimously intends to do about the PQ's victory however, is to forestall further investment in Quebec until the situation has clarified "Our plants will be on a care and maintenance basis, we'll stop the roof leaking, nothing more" said one official Another official confessed he had lost interest in two take-overs in Quebec since the election, because both involved a capital injection (A rare exception to this pattern is Gary Van Nest president of Toronto-based Triarch Corp Ltd Van Nest says his investment company is not "turned off Quebec as a matter of principle—not at all But he adds that the increased risk must be reflected in the rate of return) For Quebec, where unemployment is already 2 5% higher than the national average of 7 6%, this investment famine could quickly become a major problem

Paradoxically the deteriorating Quebec economic condition is one factor adding to businessmen's reluctance to bolt They cannot believe that the PQ is going to have energy left to harass them The province already has high taxes and has been a heavy borrower on U S markets Its financial strength is hotly disputed some assert that Bourassa called the election precisely because a tax increase was becoming an inexorable necessity However, everyone agrees the province is in dire need of further cash, both to fund the government's own one-billion-dollar-plus deficit, and to satisfy the needs of Hydro-Quebec and the James Bay project To do without would be to risk a slump at a time when private construction especially for the residential market is declining and Quebec s secondary industries chemicals and textiles are involved in a world cyclical downturn If the PQ seriously interferes with business, it will destroy the confidence of U S lenders that their money is being used sensibly Moreover, the PQ simply cannot afford to expropriate more industries at this point A variation of this argument has been offered by Jean de Grandpré, chairman of Montreal-based Bell Canada, whose operations in Quebec Lévesque promised to nationalize in 1971 De Grandpré calmly stated that Lévesque's administrative technical and constitutional problems in tackling a federal corporation such as Bell were insurmountable "Premier (Antonio) Barrette made the same commitment some years ago and you know what happened to Mr Barrette" (He was defeated by Jean Lesage s Liberals after only six months as Union Nationale premier in 1960) The most confident proponent of this point of view is Richard Lafferty, head of Montreal stockbrokers Lafferty, Harwood & Partners Ltd , who is famous (and infamous) within the financial world for trenchant opinions Lafferty voted for the PQ, and regards their election as "a very healthy contribution " that will "flush out vested interests" He grandly dismisses the PQ's socialism on the grounds that they can't afford it and that anyway it would alienate their newly won support from small businessmen and farmers

However, no such hopefulness can be found among Montreal's Jewish businessmen. They are thoroughly alarmed. "I'm a triple minority," says one, "anglophone, capitalist and Jewish." Whether because of traditional distrust of French Catholics, or because of alleged contacts between separatists and Arab groups, they are skeptical of assimilation even when fluent in French This, rather than capitalist manipulation, seems to be the explanation for subsequently moderated threats made by Charles Bronfman, president of Seagram Company Limited, to withdraw his firm if the PQ won Speaking before a Jewish audience Bronfman compared the election to the 1973 Yom Kippur War "They're a bunch of bastards trying to kill us" Ridings with large Jewish populations remained notably loyal to the Liberals

Foreign reaction to the threat of separation has been surprisingly mild, with no really exceptional pressure yet on the dollar or Canadian debt instruments "I was talking to a client in Hong Kong when the result came up on the TV screen," said one Montreal stockbroker "So I told him, and he said, 'Does that matter?' " "We work in 100 countries," said a Toronto-based American banker, "and we view it as just another government."

In Montreal, however, every hopeful impulse has a countervailing pessimism No matter how tight the PQ's financial straitjacket, it promised its labor union supporters a great deal and is absolutely required to deliver Even if the PQ's current vote is really anti-liberal, "possession is nine tenths of the law" says one observer "There's a lot they can do to fix the outcome of any referendum"

Just as in British Columbia in 1972, the Montreal business community finds itself confronted with a new governing class of which it knows nothing Where a member is recognized, like Guy Jordon (PQ-Mille Iles) who was once a stockbroker and whose father held an interest in Independent Petroleum before it was sold to Texaco Canada, he is hailed with joy But in a city largely built by their business civilization, surrounded on all sides by monuments to their wars and commercial endeavors, the English of Montreal feel they are faced with the long-term possibility of the same fate that has left in the hands of strangers the Georgian mansions of the Anglo-Irish, the White Highlands of Kenya and, across the world, the artifacts of a vanished supremacy

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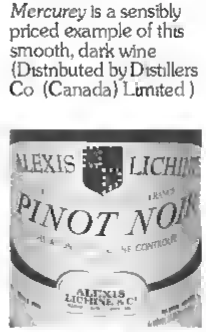
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Eaton Centre: $250 million at stake and no money-back guarantee

If Cadillac Fairview Corporation Limited president Neil Wood has suffered unduly over the development of Toronto's Eaton Centre, it hardly shows. Reclining comfortably in the softly lit elegance of his office, his tall, well-tailored figure belies wear and tear and extravagant reactions as you would expect from the Harvard MBA he is. His only concession to the rigors of a contentious project lasting almost 10 of his 45 years is that "it was very emotional."

For his company and the project's other owners—The T. Eaton Company Limited and Toronto-Dominion Bank—the acid consumer test of the venture is still to come: when Phase 1A of Eaton Centre opens in February, is it going to make enough bucks to justify all the burrowing at Yonge and Dundas and, figuratively, in the corridors of City Hall? One of the biggest town centre developments in the world, ultimately linking a new one-million-square-feet-plus Eaton's store with the existing Simpsons department store on Yonge and Queen when Phase 1B is complete in 1979, Eaton Centre is just as much a $250-million investment gamble as an attempt to revitalize downtown Toronto.

Eaton's executives don't want to talk about it all for now, preferring to occupy themselves with what a public relations spokesman calls the "busy season." Wood, however, certainly sees something resembling a till at the end of the rainbow. "In all honesty, I cannot conceive of failure and I don't imagine failure there. All I can see are varying degrees of success."

The $148-million portion of the centre opening next year keys on Eaton's new flagship store and the 242,000 square feet of covered-mall retail space and 400-car parking space bobbing along in its wake. Its ability to attract the estimated 1.8 million people within half-hour commuting distance could help determine Eaton's future as a private company. There has been speculation for years that the company might be on the verge of going public. Recently, Fredrik Eaton, company president, announced the appointment of four new outside directors to the board, including Conrad Black of Sterling Newspapers Ltd., Douglas Bassett of Inland Publishing Co. Ltd. and A. J. Little, formerly of Clarkson, Gordon & Co. The move was widely seen as a symbol of the company's development from a family concern into a broader-based professionally managed modern corporation. Apart from its involvement as a retailer, Eaton's has a 20% interest in the overall realty project through Eaton Properties Limited.

Cadillac Fairview, with 59%, is now a national real estate developer in the true sense, with assets of more than one billion dollars spread from Saint John to Vancouver. Winnipeg-born Woods had been president of the Fairview Corporation Limited since 1971 until its merger with A. E. Diamond's Cadillac Development Corp. Ltd. in 1974. (Diamond is now chairman and chief executive.) Recently, the amalgamated corporation has joined those Canadian companies whose attention has been directed southward by the economic climate here; it is negotiating the purchase of the 80,000-acre Irvine Ranch development south of Los Angeles. But the Eaton Centre remains perhaps its most visible effort. Toronto-Dominion Bank is the third partner, with the 21% it picked up through Torbert Investment Properties Limited (also partly owned by Cadillac Fairview).

The development's impact on Toronto's retail scene will be critical—and is widely debated. Nobody is able to estimate with much certainty at this stage how much traffic and dollars might be drained from the highly developed and relentlessly trendy Bloor Street area to the north, which has become Toronto's retail focus, with such major stores as The Bay. Further south, Simpsons, effectively the other anchor tenant once the completed 520,000 square-foot, 260-store covered mall reaches it in three years, could benefit without having invested a cent, or suffer by comparison with a glittering Eaton's. Wood believes "there's room for both." Bloor Street and his own creation. It is also possible that Toronto's numerous suburban malls after which the Eaton Centre is modelled might be eclipsed, to the embarrassment of Cadillac Fairview, which owns some and Eaton's, which has stores there. But Wood says the effect "will be spread around so that no one mall will really notice it."

There is commercial office space involved. The Number One Dundas tower in Phase 1A has more than 450,000 square feet of rentable space with another 45,000 square feet connected to the mall area. A second tower in Phase 1B will add 600,000 square feet. Still, with Eaton's occupying

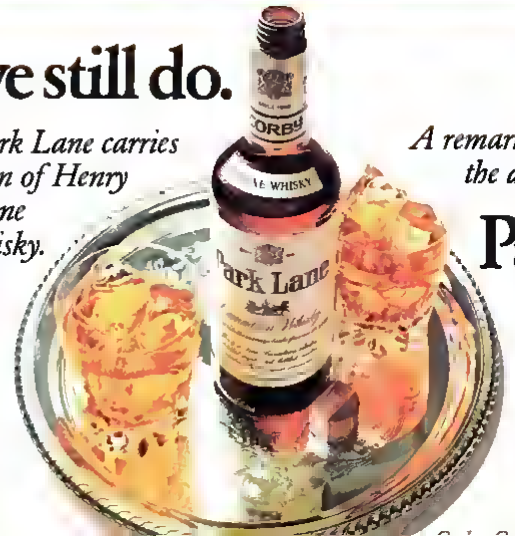


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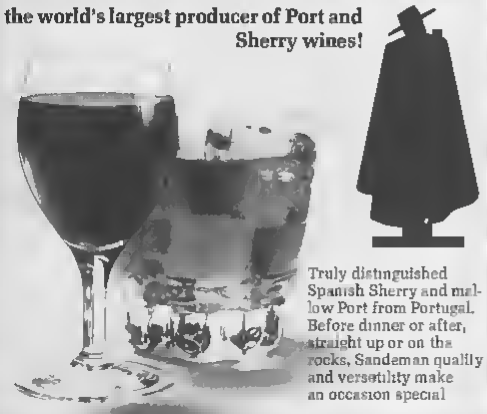


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300,000 square feet of the first tower and the second not due for at least three years, real estate analysts almost ignore its impact in a market already glutted by the likes of Bank of Montreal's First Canadian Place.

When Wood says the owners will make profits "almost from the day it opens," attaining a "very profitable" level about five years out, analysts are inclined to agree, at least from Cadillac Fairview's standpoint. One argues "the leverage is quite phenomenal," meaning that when it's tallied up after the financing arrangements, Cadillac Fairview will have put a proportionately small amount of dollars up front to acquire a proportionately large chunk of the potential gains. It will also get a development supervision fee for putting the thing up as well as leasing and management fees for handling these chores for T.E.C. Leaseholds Limited, the company set up for those very purposes.

The results for Eaton's are harder to forecast. Eaton's has 78 stores across the country with a total of roughly 12.25 million square feet of space but Toronto, especially the main store, is the heart and soul of the operation. Bearing this in mind, the views range from one analyst's contention that a dud in Toronto could jeopardize the company's survival, to another's that a healthy main store will be the "icing on the cake" for a basically sound retail organization. That is, he adds, aside from Horizon Stores and losses produced by some operations like the now defunct catalogue sales unit.

Prospective tenants have certainly noticed Cadillac Fairview wants top rents for a piece of the action. While Wood agrees the dollars being asked, "typically around $25 per square foot," outstrip $15 to $20 prime Bloor Street rates, he argues that Eaton Centre is a better bargain because of its potentially greater traffic. He also answers rumors that the leasing was heavy going, with everything but brass knuckles applied to some retailers, by saying Phase 1A has only "a small number of places left." Even the fight with W. H. Smith Ltd., which threatened to drag the owners into court over alleged violation of an 11-year-old rental agreement, has been ironed out, he says.

Such things are minor nuisances compared to the protracted agonies leading to City Council's approval for the project in November, 1972, and the strife that has continued ever since. From the days of 1966 when Eaton's had the temerity to suggest tearing down the Old City Hall in an initial plan, to the shifts in recent years in local height and density bylaw requirements, Eaton Centre has been a classic development battle between owners and growth critics. As the first shoppers wander glassy-eyed through the new Eaton's, major problems with planners will remain, Wood says. "We can't even be planning Phase Two because we don't know what we can do."

CHARLES DAVIES

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Science

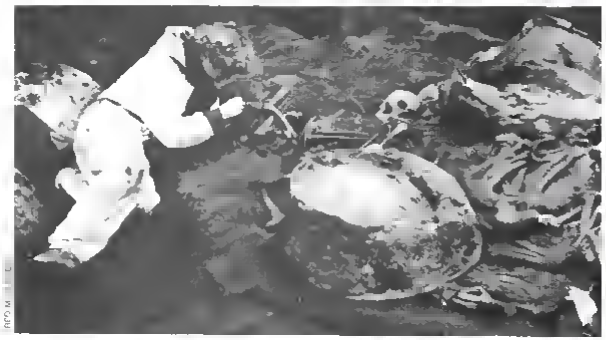
Finding a 'lost' tribe: one man's discovery is another man's desecration

Lawson Allez had been working for less than an hour when he saw it—a mound of earth that needed leveling. Applying his rake to the topsoil he uncovered three flint arrowheads. His curiosity piqued, the Grimsby, Ontario park employee grabbed a shovel and started to dig further. In a short time he had unearthed a copper pot and what his instinct told him was a very old human bone. After that, Allez drove straight into town to tell Grimsby officials about his little find. It was not so little after all. As subsequent digs confirmed, Allez' accidental discovery turned out to be one of Canada's richest archaeological treasures of the century—and sparked a bitter dispute over its ultimate disposition.

Located on the eastern outskirts of Grimsby, about 60 miles southwest of Toronto in the Niagara Peninsula, the site was part of a large ancient burial ground of the Neutral Indians who flourished in the area until the middle of the 17th century. Rarely mentioned in history texts, the Neutrals—the merchant class among Indian tribes—once boasted a population of 20,000, comparable to the well-known Hurons. The Grimsby dig turned up ample evidence of the Neutrals' commercial enterprise: a dozen copper pots made in France during the early 17th century, a conch seashell from the tropics, cathlinite ore (probably from Minnesota), a large collection of beads and necklaces and thousands of arrowheads buried according to Indian custom for use by warriors in the Happy Hunting Ground.

Anxious to preserve the site from vandals, the province quickly directed the Royal Ontario Museum to remove bones and artifacts for display in Toronto. But 19 days after digging began, Delbert Riley, research director of the Union of Ontario Indians, made a citizen's arrest of the ROM's chief investigator, Dr. Walter Kenyon, charging violation of historic grave sites. "The intrusion into graves of pioneers of that period is considered desecration and is illegal," said Riley. "Indians are likewise protected by the law ... or should be." The ROM promptly halted excavations, but later agreed with the union to skim the area's topsoil to determine the dimensions of the burial ground.

But while authorities wrestle with legal questions, Canadian archaeologists are exulting over the find itself, which included entire skeletons maintained in family groups. This burial pattern is distinctively different from that favored by the Neutrals before 1640, when they hung the dead on scaffolds or inside sealed family huts. When the flesh had rotted, the bones were collected and dumped in common burial pits with as many as 300 other skeletons. What changed the pattern? "A plague of smallpox that struck about 1640," says William Noble, chief of McMaster University's archaeology department. "Precise mention of the plague is made in the Jesuit journals. Almost destroyed by the smallpox, the Neutrals were finally wiped out by the Iroquois in 1651."



The 'dig' at Grimsby: among other things, assuring the Neutrals a place in history

Now, in addition to Kenyon's pending court case, there is disagreement on what to do with the artifacts. The ROM would prefer to display them in Toronto. Officials in Grimsby hope to expose the cemetery and convert it into a tourist attraction. But disposition of the relics is complicated by another factor: the burial ground lies under property owned by Hamilton real estate developer Ed Robinson, who bought 41 lots eight years ago. Now valued at more than one million dollars, his prestige subdivision has already been approved by the Grimsby council. FRED McCLEMENT

Yes, E does equal Mc

Since 1918, when Albert Einstein published the general theory of relativity, scientists have repeatedly tried to verify his predictions. Initially only a few experiments were technically possible, and all confirmed Einstein's theory. Only in the past decade have more sophisticated tests been designed. In the interim, several alternate theories have been advanced, one of the most promising being the scalar-tensor theory of gravitation published in 1961 by Carl Brans and Robert Dicke of Princeton University. Now, after a decade of testing, the Brans-Dicke theory has apparently confirmed Einstein's genius again.

Although the two theories vary on several points (for example, on the strength of the "big bang" that created the universe), they differ chiefly in their views of gravity. Dicke 60 suggests that gravity is continually weakening as the universe expands. Einstein's relativity says gravity is constant. If Dicke is right, the orbit of the moon would stretch a small additional distance in the direction of the sun. Using a technique called lunar laser ranging—tests made possible by laser beam reflectors placed on the moon by U.S. astronauts—scientists fire a burst of laser light at the moon, then measure the time required for the reflection to be seen on earth. Since the speed at which light travels is known, the distance—and the exact size and shape of the moon's orbits—can be calculated within 30 centimeters (about one foot). Simultaneously performed by two groups of American scientists—one of which included Dicke himself—all the experiments show that the moon's orbit is precisely the one predicted by Einstein 58 years ago.

Dicke, whose distinguished career has included discoveries about microwaves, laser radiation and elementary particles, has not abandoned faith in his hypothesis. "It's a very complicated process to place the moon in the sky with an accuracy of 30 centimeters. We must be careful nothing has been overlooked."

But while lunar ranging experiments are continuing, Dicke acknowledges that the prospects for his theory are not encouraging. "The present observations give no particular support for scalar-tensor," he admits. "And it may in the end be wrong." R. JAMES TURNER



Travel

They said it couldn't be done. They were right



BARRY MCGEE

Passengers arriving at Mirabel after an hour's bus ride: the only way to go, right?

Squatting on 88,000 acres northwest of Montreal Mirabel International Airport is the world's largest and Canada's newest airport a futuristic $600-million wonder featuring a 215-foot control tower a 24-hour automated cargo operation, 12,000-foot runways and a quarter-mile long terminal building capable of handling 10 million travelers a year Quebec government posters salute Mirabel as "more than an airport," and depict quaint 19th-century farmhouses of the very kind that were leveled to make way for the 747s Ironically the posters are right Mirabel is more than an airport In the view of passengers and airlines alike, it has—in its first year of operation—become a national headache

The principal victims are those 11 trans-Atlantic carriers that serve the Montreal region but lack landing rights in Toronto * A Brussels-bound Toronto passenger on Sabena Belgian World Airlines, for example, must first fly to Montreal's Dorval Airport and then hike 29 miles—a minimum one-hour journey—via bus (five dollars) or cab ($25-$30) to Mirabel To avoid the changeover most Belgium-bound travelers simply book with other airlines out of Toronto Says Sabena sales manager Peter Janssen "People don't want a bus ride around Montreal when they can fly nonstop out of Toronto " Aer Lingus has cut back weekly flights to Dublin by 50% because of a decline in bookings And Scandinavian Airlines manager in Canada Hans Dedekam, attributes a 30% drop in business originating in Toronto to the Mirabel opening

Even those airlines with access to both Toronto and Mirabel have suffered CP Air, for example says its per passenger costs at Mirabel are $31 84, compared to $9 80 at Dorval and an average of $7 21 at all North American stations Those figures do not include costs of maintenance crew layovers and ground crew transportation—all of which are higher at Mirabel because of the 35-mile distance from Montreal Alitalia claims its Montreal costs have jumped 70% because of Mirabel Air Canada estimates additional costs at six million to seven million dollars And federal transport officials expect Mirabel to lose about $46 5 million (about $15 per passenger) in 1976-77, compared with profits of $9 1 million and $12 3 million at Dorval and Toronto respectively Since the move to Mirabel last fall Air France has recorded a 50% drop in bookings for its Montreal-Chicago run and CP has trimmed overseas flights out of Mirabel from seven to three each week

The carriers aren't the only ones who have suffered Says Consolidated-Bathurst president William Turner Jr., whose company stands to spend an extra $50 000 to $100 000 a year on its 2 250 flights because of Mirabel 'There's nothing wrong with Mirabel that putting it in mothballs wouldn't fix That would be the cheapest way out for the taxpayers now " In league with the city of Montreal's Chamber of Commerce, Convention Bureau, Hotel Association and the Canadian International Freight Forwarders Association Inc (which says operating at two airports costs it an additional $1 5 million a year) Turner wrote Transport Minister Otto Lang to record opposition to the planned switchover of long-haul domestic flights from Dorval to Mirabel Lang subsequently scrapped the plan Montreal researcher David Kwechansky has likewise taken up the campaign to scuttle Mirabel—noting that only one major airport in the world (San Paulo's Viracopos) is farther from downtown than Mirabel and that the city's air traffic in 1975 actually declined by almost 5% from 1974 "No matter what you do you can't bring back the hundreds of millions it cost to build Mirabel " Kwechansky says "But why do we have to keep throwing more in?"

While passengers grudgingly admit that Mirabel is aesthetically a winner, they question why, in a facility in which no costs were spared, coatless travelers returning from vacations in the south must brave winter winds to wait for the downtown bus Two other common complaints—a shortage of customs inspectors and baggage carts—have been resolved, airport officials claim And with the strike-delayed opening of CP Hotels' Chateau Mirabel next summer, passengers will no longer have to bed down for the night on the terminal floor—as 200 travelers did last winter when storms blocked roads into the city

Seeking to explain what went wrong Transport officials point out that Mirabel was planned in the late Sixties, when air transportation was increasing 10% to 12% annually, but opened just as the recession and the fuel crisis combined to cut growth to 3% "We just couldn't see the current economic conditions back in 1969," says Vince Paquette, Transport liaison officer

The other major problem is ground transportation Complains Hans Dedekam "If you've got an international airport, you don't go and operate it in the most isolated area of Canada It might as well be Inuvik." ' Without a rapid transit system," adds Consolidated-Bathurst's Turner, "the airport is premature " A 100-mile-an-hour commuter rail link with Montreal is being planned but planning studies won't be ready until next February

In the interim, government and airline officials are considering ways of allowing more connecting flights into Mirabel, without—at the same time—forcing Montrealers to go to Mirabel for flights that could be offered from Dorval Any major changes says Otto Lang, will have to await the results of that study, expected in the spring As for the possibility of mothballing Mirabel, Lang says "it is completely out of the question "

DOUG MACARTHUR/LINDA DIEBEL

Aer Lingus, Iberia, TAP (Portuguese Airways), Olympic, SAS, CSA (Czechoslovak Airlines), LOT (Polish Airlines), Aeroflot, Sabena, El Al and Royal Air Maroc

High roller

John Hoffman, a 41-year-old Madison Avenue promoter, had a great notion charter a 747 Jumbo fly a planeload of merrymakers outside the territorial limits of the United States and let joy be unconfined Call it a "mardi gras in the sky," a sort of flying nightclub Provide live entertainment, show girls, free champagne, gambling and sex—all far beyond the petty restrictions of New York's blue laws The

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high rollers would be begging to get aboard. Hoffman loved the idea. It was, he thought, too good to be true. He was right.

Hoffman thought he had spotted a magnificent legal loophole: passengers on aircraft outside U.S. territory are presumably beyond the reach of U.S. laws. And there are no specific regulations that prohibit airborne gambling on charter flights; all the regulations require is that passengers stay more or less sober and keep their seatbelts fastened during takeoff and landing. Hoffman planned to charge $100 a seat, and sell 400 seats—a $40,000 gross for each flight.

He took his idea to Brooklyn travel agent Frank Grosso and right away the champagne started to go flat. Not one of the 15 airlines Grosso approached was willing to charter a 747 for a two-hour dinner flight. Despite the $15,000 to $20,000 charter fee—it included "an economy class meal," transformed by the promoters' press release into "a gourmet steak"—there wasn't enough money in it for the airlines, Grosso claims. There were other problems as well. The U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board had to approve the flight, and one airline asked for $2,000 to cover the cost of seeking the CAB's blessing—payable whether the flight was approved or not. When the New York *Daily News* reported that Hoffman had spent six months in jail for mail fraud, Grosso backed out. "Hoffman had problems," Grosso says.



"The airlines had problems—who needs it? I've got problems of my own."

Hoffman insists he is going ahead with the idea despite the obstacles. He has chartered a plane—he won't say from whom—and is spending $5,000 to renovate the interior. "We hired Murray Roth to do the decor. He's the guy who did Caesars Palace." For the opening he hopes to hire Bob Goulet—"he's perfect for something like this." Hoffman says the first "jet dinner theatre" will take off about the middle of December with encores every two weeks after that. His former partner is less optimistic. "It's an intriguing idea," says Grosso. "But I don't think it will ever get off the ground." **WILLIAM DAMPIER**

Cities

To have. . .and have not: Canada's richest town



Caron: for every action (earning big money) an equal and opposite reaction

Settling back into his comfortable armchair after a day's work, Yvon Caron would seem to have good reason for contentment. With its stone fireplace, thick shag rugs and color television set, Caron's living room would not be out of place in the best neighborhoods of the nation. A skilled welder, Caron, 34, earns $8.07 an hour and $15,000 a year—an annual wage that puts him among the top 15% of Canadians. But like many of his friends and associates in Sept-Îles, a gutsy Quebec boomtown on the St. Lawrence Gulf, Caron nurtures a lingering sense of disquiet. "I make a good living, it's true. But I would not like to see my only son settle here. Not unless he pulled down a good job with the company." The company, as everyone in Sept-Îles knows, is the Iron Ore Company of Canada (IOC), the town's principal employer. And, thanks largely to IOC paycheques, the average annual wage in Sept-Îles last year soared to $12,592—toppling Oakville, Ontario, as the richest per capita income city in the country.

But the figures are deceiving. In tandem with the privileged income goes one of Canada's highest costs of living—14% higher than in Quebec City, only 450 miles down the coast—Canada's second highest income tax rate, and a host of other hardships for Sept-Îles' 36,000 residents.

As a result, many people drift in to make their fortunes, but still regard Val D'Or, Chicoutimi, or Trois-Rivières as home—even after 20 years. Part of the problem is inadequate housing. Permanent homes are scarce, rents are high. A provincial report shows it costs $10,000 to $15,000 more to build a house in Sept-Îles than in Quebec City and $40 to $50 more per month to rent an apartment. After a futile two-year search for a good price on a new home, Bruno Girard, local CNTU representative, lives in a $28,000 trailer on a campsite outside town. Explains Girard: "It's easier to get out of Sept-Îles for a month every year with a mobile home." Food, flown in from the south, carries a similar premium. In 1975 the Sept-Îles shopper paid 55 cents more on a 25-pound bag of potatoes, seven cents on a loaf of bread, 20 cents on five pounds of carrots, and 17 cents on a pound of T-bone steak. New car buyers can face an average surcharge of $500. "I'd leave this place tomorrow if I could make the same kind of money as I do here," says Jean-Yves Deschenes, who earns as much as $20,000 a year serving drinks at the Hotel Sept-Îles bar. "I'm beginning to wonder if the pleasures of Sept-Îles just don't cost too damned much."

To make ends meet, some families work overtime. But the extra cash encourages many residents to buy new snowmobiles at the first sign of a snowflake, park a second flashy car in their driveway, fly to exotic sunspots during the harsh winter, and splurge on Paris imports hanging on racks in the city's boutiques. Inevitably, the easy money leads to easy debt, and bankruptcy cases form "a large portion" of the court workload, says Jean-Yves Caron, provincial legal aid director.

"The men try to satisfy their wives' needs by spending money like water because they're not home very much," says Clement Godbout, local coordinator for the United Steelworkers of America. "So they learn to live in debt. They always need a dollar an hour more, no matter what they make." Lufthansa Airlines maintains an office in Sept-Îles and arranges European tours for families eager to escape the claustrophobia of the town. A yearly travel budget of $2,000 a family is not uncommon. During a trip to Greece last year, one IOC employee met three other Sept-Îles families—the only Quebeckers he encountered in a month-long sojourn. But the "payoff" to overtime widows doesn't always work. The long hours the men put in often lead to marriage breakups.

All of this is considerably changed from Sept-Îles' early history, when the Montagnais Indians lived here quietly with a small settlement of white traders, fishermen and priests. But with the first glint of iron ore came boisterous work crews, pouring out of DC-3s to blast a 350-mile railroad into the bush to ore deposits near Schefferville and erecting company wharves on the natural deep-water port. The first shipment of ore for export was loaded on July 31, 1954, and almost overnight Sept-Îles was transformed into a pugnacious little frontier town.

"The only reason salaries are high here is because 90% of the workers are unionized," says the USA's Godbout, who boasts that 98% of Sept-Îles' work force didn't punch in on October 14's national day of worker solidarity. "But don't let anyone get overexcited about our wages; the cost of living eats them up pretty fast. You also pay the price of having the company omnipresent in the life of the town. A guy can't even go out and have a beer some nights without running into a foreman who reminds him he needs him on the job early in the morning."

Although IOC has helped sponsor several local recreation clubs, it now largely eschews a direct role in town affairs. Says Jack Calligan, vice-president of personnel: "That type of thing used to be called paternalism and we got a black name." A small-town boy himself (he was raised in Pembroke, Ontario) with a firm stake in Sept-Îles, Calligan says neither he nor his family find the city isolated; they plan to stay. "After all, it's only a $132 round-trip fare to Montreal."

But for everyone who stays, there are several who flee. Paul-Emile Giguère, 38-year-old coordinator for the Quebec Federation of Teachers, claims isolation and the high cost of living are the main reasons a 1972-73 union survey showed a 37% teacher turnover in the city's schools in one year. "They come here because they can't get a job anywhere else, and they certainly don't plan to settle down. But who can blame them? Cultural life is almost nonexistent and medical facilities especially for specialists are inadequate [there is no gynecologist, for example]."

Not everyone who lives in Sept-Îles regards the lifestyle as the penalty for high wages. "I think it's a beautiful city. Everything here is relatively new, and there is no pollution," says newcomer Yvan Giard, a steelworkers' union employee. Adds Bruno Girard: "Once someone has worked here five years, they never leave. How can someone feel isolated when they live by the sea? The world is right there at your feet." Sept-Îles has also been good to Laurent Masse, 42-year-old director of two ship repair and antipollution companies. The archetype of the new-style "Quebec sait faire" (Quebec knows how to do it) businessman, slowly chipping away at the established money monopolies, Masse is a tough, self-made man, well on his way toward millionaire status. He worked his way up through the northern mining camps, and now pays 45 employees annual wages up to $22,000. "There aren't too many places in Quebec where I could have accomplished this. I'd have to say life is good here—comfortable." But even Masse stops short of the ultimate commitment. "I wouldn't say I love it, and I won't retire here. I'll say that." **LINDA DUFRESNE**



Environment

What goes up must come down. And what comes down can be deadly

In the argot of ecologists, it is known as acid precipitation. More colloquially, it is called acid rain. But by any name, the formation of acids in the atmosphere is causing serious damage to fragile environments on several continents. Falling back to earth in rain and snow, the acids—principally sulfuric and nitric acid—settle into soils and freshwater lakes, changing the delicate biochemistry of ecosystems and affecting forest growth. The acids are formed by the interaction of industrial pollutants, chiefly sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxides. In a complex chemical process, these by-products of fossil fuel combustion can be transformed into sulfuric and nitric acid and wreak environmental change hundreds of miles from the polluting source.

"The chief culprits are those tall towers that eject pollutants into the atmosphere," explains Dr. R. E. (Ted) Munn of Canada's Atmospheric Environment Services. "They're designed to reduce local fallout, but we are now seeing what happens when wind currents carry their emissions over long distances to pollute other regions."

What Munn and environmentalists around the world are seeing is not encouraging. Some 10,000 lakes in Sweden have been contaminated by acid rain. Norway has lost tens of millions in revenue from commercial fishing. Forest productivity in the New England states has dropped by more than 10% in the past 20 years. And, according to McMaster University geologist Dr. James R. Kramer, "recent estimates suggest that, given our continued industrial growth, all the lakes in Canada's susceptible areas will become acidic." The operative word is susceptible, because acidification is most likely to occur in geological areas dominated by hard, granite bedrock containing little or no limestone. (Where limestone occurs naturally, it serves to buffer the acid.) That description applies to nearly half of Canada: most of Quebec, significant portions of British Columbia, Ontario, Newfoundland and most of the Northwest Territories.

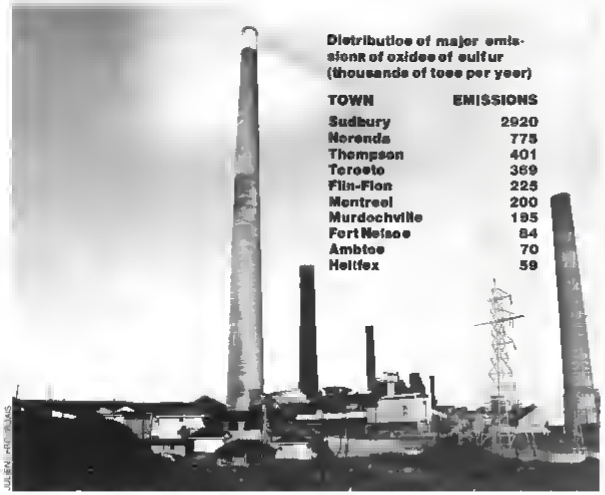
The increased acidification of lakes in Norway and Sweden has been directly linked to the increased consumption of fossil fuels in industrial Europe. As waters gradually become more acidic, small organisms upon which fish feed decrease. In turn, higher aquatic plants are taken over by mosses that deplete the nutrient supply, and naturally occurring metals, as well as those carried by the acid rain, become more toxic.

Acid sensitive salmon and trout have practically disappeared from the freshwaters of southern Scandinavia. Now, many lakes in Canada and the New England states are beginning to show the same destructive tendencies. This development, along with the adverse effects acid rain seems to have on soil composition and forest growth, has caused deepening concern on this side of the Atlantic. "We don't know nearly as much as we should," affirms Cornell University professor of ecology and systematics Dr. Gene Likens. "Even though we know there's been acid rain over the eastern United States for at least 20 years, we don't have historical records to indicate how acidification has been progressing or to predict when we'll reach the point of no return." One disturbing fact that Likens and his team have determined: there has been a 36% increase in acid rain in New England in the past 10 years—carried by prevailing winds from the industrial Midwest. Another Cornell team discovered that fish have disappeared from at least 75% of the high-elevation lakes in New York's Adirondack Mountains.

Canada is faced with a similar lack of data, although the Sudbury region in Ontario is considered a "unique laboratory" for studying the effects of extreme acidification. According to data gathered by Environment Canada and the Ontario government, before the International Nickel Company of Canada built the nation's tallest stack—381 metres—at its Copper Cliff site in 1972, its 5 800 tons a day emission of sulfur dioxide had virtually destroyed lakes and vegetation within a 50-mile radius of the company's smelters. The problem has since spread more than 100 miles, and trout and herring are disappearing from some northern Ontario lakes. "We could make Sweden's 10 000 acidified lakes look like nothing," warns Dr. David Schindler of Environment Canada's Freshwater Institute in Winnipeg. Canadian industries currently emit close to six million tons of sulfur dioxide a year, and by the 1980s the Athabasca tar sands project alone will produce that much.

According to Cornell's Likens, pollution control measures—desulfurization of fuels or stack gases, alternative combustion procedures, alternative sources of energy and conservation—could solve the problem of acid rain. "But we're moving very slowly on all fronts," Likens complains. "Governments and industry refuse to look at the broad picture. They're hung up on cost/benefit ratios on the production side which don't take into account the immeasurable costs to the environment and human health."

GLORIA MENARD



Distribution of major emissions of oxides of sulfur (thousands of tons per year)

TOWN	EMISSIONS
Sudbury	2920
Noranda	775
Thompson	401
Toronto	369
Flin-Flon	225
Montreal	200
Murdochville	195
Fort Nelson	84
Amherst	70
Halifax	59

JULIAN ROSENBLATT

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Theatre

Smell of the greasepaint, roar of the crowd, demands of the creditors . . .

A sheet of half-inch plywood suitable for building a theatre set, costs $15.97 plus tax at a countrywide supplier up about 35% over last year. Theatre ticket prices are *not* up 35%. Neither are theatre grants in the same period. Canada Council grants have increased so little (10%) that they mean a cutback in actual dollar power. Provincial grants are for the most part frozen, most municipal grants are laughable—last year Halifax's Neptune Theatre had to pay back all but $26.13 of its city grant in taxes and this year may well be out of pocket. Right across the country theatres are getting 20% to 25% less money than they need to maintain their previous level of production. The result is that this season's fare on main theatre stages will be mostly small-cast surefire, "safe" crowd-pleasers. The experimental studio theatres—lifeblood of indigenous Canadian playwriting—are managing in most cases to hold on this season, but Montreal's Centaur Theatre has had to reduce its experimental productions by half and the outlook for studio theatres is ominous.

In addition, companies are having to scrimp and save in whatever ways are immediately available. Items: One western artistic director has tried to ease his theatre's budget problem by taking a cut in his own salary. The Manitoba Theatre Centre, lacking the Canada Council trainee program (salary shared by council and the theatre) was lucky enough to find an unpaid volunteer—a theatre student from Moorhead State College in North Dakota who is working at MTC for part of her college credits. Vancouver's Playhouse Theatre Centre has cut all its radio advertising, reduced its set-building budget and dropped two actors from its permanent company. The Neptune Theatre cut out its summer season this year entirely and plans to open the '77 season two months later than usual. The Globe Theatre in Regina has had to drop its annual Christmas show—"unfortunate," says Sue Kramer, assistant to her husband, artistic director Ken Kramer, "because it's the only children's show we do in the theatre."

Typical of the way main stage productions are moving is the news from Fredericton that Theatre New Brunswick will be doing *The Last Of The Red Hot Lovers*, the first Neil Simon since 1970. Harold Baldridge at Theatre Calgary is opening his season with Simon's *The Sunshine Boys*. Says Baldridge wanly, "We're trying to smile." The policy for all the theatres is touchingly similar: one set, tried-and true plays, smaller casts, and you can't beat Shakespeare or Simon at the box office.



ANGELO SGAMBELLONE

John Neville at Edmonton's Citadel Theatre is the only artistic director in the country who *is* smiling. The new Citadel Theatre complex in Edmonton has opened the '76-'77 season with two new theatres (main and studio), a lecture hall and a library, and soon a licensed restaurant as well. The Canada Council had anticipated the theatre's increased operational expenses, so that the Citadel did not experience any major budget shortage. Even so, his season includes the classical-popular mix on the small-cast side with two guaranteed box-office draws: *Romeo And Juliet* and Bernard Slade's Broadway hit *Same Time, Next Year*—plus, to the Citadel's credit, four Canadian plays in the studio theatre.

However, despite the money squeeze, studio theatres and experimental projects are being jealously nurtured by artistic directors—for another year at least. Chris Newton is protecting his Theatre-in-Education project in the Vancouver schools. "Half our programs are experimental," Newton says. "It would be easier to do *Rumpelstiltskin* but we believe in this." Leon Major of Toronto's St. Lawrence Centre has announced a new studio series for experimental work, and the Globe in Regina was relieved that Canada Council renewed the grant to resident playwright Rex Deverell whose new play *The Uphill Renwal* will tour the high schools of Saskatchewan this year.

Arif Hasnain, MTC's acting artistic director who stepped in when Len Carlou moved out after only one season, opened with Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*) and is risking his experimental Warehouse Theatre only once on two Canadian one-acters (*Conodon Gothic* and *American Modern*) by Saskatoon's Joanna Glass.

Maurice Podbrey has three new productions in his studio theatre-Centaur I, by David Fennario, Michael Cook, and writing team Guy Sprung and Rick Salutin, as well as a main stage play by Joanna Glass. But Podbrey's cry of pain is for his experimental stage. "The squeeze I feel is the studio," he says. "I'm limited to three productions and I'd like to do six."

Walter Learning at Theatre New Brunswick is also rueful. "The current economic cutbacks prevent me from doing the things I think we should be doing," he says, but he is doing two new Canadian plays: *The Poormaster* by Alden Nowlan and Walter Learning, and *John And The Missus* by Gordon Pinsent.

David Peacock, the Canada Council's theatre officer, is pessimistic about the future. Of the 120 theatres currently supported by the council, he predicts that some of them are bound to disappear. "The real crunch is going to come next season. The only alternative is to cut back on productivity." Translation: less of the same. Fewer plays, less work for Canadian actors, and much fewer new works by Canadian playwrights. Experiment will not only be a dirty word but a prohibitively expensive one.

Theatre Calgary's Harold Baldridge tries to be philosophical about it. "If the whole country is in an economic squeeze we have to make sacrifices along with everybody else." The sacrifices, unfortunately will come mostly at the expense of Canadian playwrights who in the last decade have produced the first concerted burst of writing creativity in Canada's theatre history.

BETTY JANE WYLIE

Great Wines from Italy

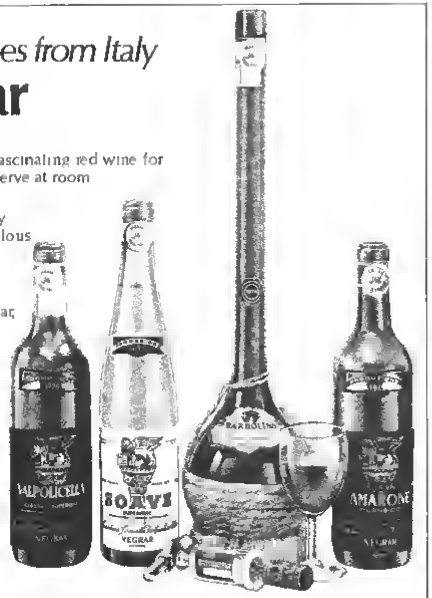
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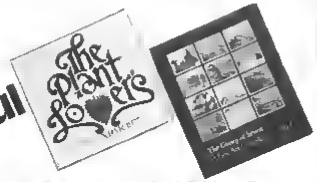
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TV

Dr. Bethune, Dr. Bethune!



NORMAN DARLEY/CFUN

Sutherland as Bethune: his way or no way

The CBC's 90-minute drama *Bethune* won't reach the air until next fall, but the saga in getting the show produced has already proved more exciting than the average cop show. The story began two years ago in Regina with the Globe Theatre's production of Rod Langley's play about Norman Bethune, the flamboyant Canadian doctor who rebelled against the Montreal medical establishment, developed new surgical techniques, and wound up in revolutionary China elevated almost to sainthood by Mao Tse-tung.

On the lookout for Canadian plays suitable for TV, CBC drama's manager of program production Muriel Sherrin saw *Bethune* and suggested it to her husband, producer Robert Sherrin, who decided that Donald Sutherland was the only actor to play the central character. While Langley was commissioned to adapt his play for television, Sherrin chased Sutherland across several continents. His agents said "Forget it. Donald Sutherland doesn't do television. Period." But Sherrin insisted (mid-'75) on taking his proposal directly to Sutherland, whose attempts to organize a movie about Bethune had coincidentally just fallen through. Sutherland got hooked on the doctor while talking to U.S. soldiers in 1969, sharing the platform with Jane Fonda and Mark Lane. "Mark read a piece called *Wounds*," Sutherland recalls, "and I was so moved I traced the author. It was Bethune." Sutherland agreed to Sherrin's proposal, but the project had to be postponed when the film production of *Fellini's Casanova* (with Sutherland in the title role) went on and on. It had been rescheduled for January, 1977, but last August when a scheduled movie fell through, Sutherland told the Sherrins that he could be available for five weeks starting in early October—and might not be available again for two years. *Bethune* was hastily worked into the CBC's plans, although it meant scrapping at least one program and postponing others.

Less than a month before the production was to begin, Robert Sherrin discovered Sutherland was unhappy with Langley's script. Sutherland suggested bringing in a writer he knew. Thomas Rickman, who locked himself in a Las Vegas hotel room and wrote a new version. Just when the script problem seemed resolved, Muriel Sherrin found herself in a new crisis: the CBC design department said they had too many other commitments to build the sets in time for the videotaping. She got around that by having some of the sets built outside the CBC but then senior management decided the whole project was too expensive (an estimated $400,000) and should be canceled. The Sherrins' messianic by this time about getting *Bethune* made, managed to get that decision reversed.

The week before Sutherland arrived in Toronto to start rehearsals with director Eric Till, Rod Langley, backed by the Association of Canadian Television and Radio Artists, took the CBC to court. Although he had been paid the full fee for his script, he claimed the CBC had damaged his reputation by refusing to produce it, and he sought an injunction to stop production of the other *Bethune*. Rehearsals proceeded in an atmosphere of tension and secrecy as CBC lawyers ordered a publicity blackout. The week before taping finished, Langley dropped his action. In the most bizarre twist of the case, Toronto teacher Roderick Stewart, whom Langley had wanted as an expert witness on the merits of his script, discovered to his surprise that Langley had used passages from Stewart's own book on Bethune. Stewart demanded—and was paid—a fee for their use.

When it was all over, CBC drama chief John Hirsch conceded that "the battles were incredible," but added, "Everybody said, 'It's not possible we can't do it, forget it'—but in the end it was worth it, because everybody in the studio, from the cleaning lady up, could sense that this is what the CBC is all about." MARTIN KNELMAN



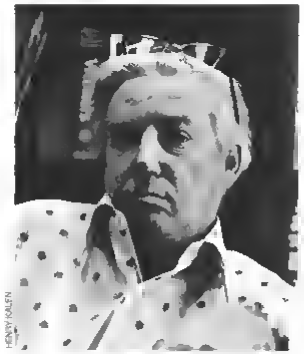
Books

You too can be a famous author—if you plug your Sony in

According to the man who started it, the Barry Broadfoot industry was born in one dramatic moment in 1972. Broadfoot just through reading Studs Terkel's *Working*, slammed the book shut, then hurled it across the living room. "I can do better than that," he vowed. Four years later after using the same basic Terkel formula—first person accounts recorded, transcribed, edited—Broadfoot has two best sellers behind him (*Ten Lost Years*, *Six War Years*), and gleefully explains the bottom line of his success. "When it comes to money making, you can't beat oral history." And if it takes a moment to realize that Barry Broadfoot is talking about writing instead of some cold-blooded business enterprise, it's just that the Canadian literati have not prepared us for someone who lunges at literary endeavor with such a refreshingly mercenary approach.

Ten Lost Years (1973) lasted 43 weeks on the best-seller lists, sold over 55,000 copies and was turned into a successful play and television drama. *Six War Years* sold more than 50,000 copies and was also made into a television play. Together, the two books drew $30,000—the highest ever paid in Canada—for the paperback rights. With his new book, *The Pioneer Years*, about those "sharp, zippy, scrappy and zestful" people who settled the prairies during the years from 1895 to 1914, Broadfoot is on the best-seller lists again with a collection of short, hard-hitting first person memories of the grinding hardships of the West's early years. Some of them are interesting. Some are not. A story of the people, by the people and (says Broadfoot, who calls himself "an assembler of stories") for the people. And the people—everyone from high-school teachers to collectors of Canadiana—seem to love it.

Last year Barry Broadfoot made $108,000—a figure that causes predictable envy at the local Vancouver Press Club, where the 50-year-old ex-newspaperman still checks in every so often to shoot the breeze with his old cronies. He admits some of them are probably a little jealous of a guy essentially just like themselves who suddenly had the guts and the foresight, back in 1972, to empty out the drawers of his desk in *The Vancouver Sun* newsroom, abandon his $15,000 salary as a feature writer, and set off across Canada with his tape recorder. Even then, he says, "I knew I had found the mother lode, knew I'd be a success." Since then he has never made less than $50,000 a year. And because it is so much fun, and so easy, he keeps looking over his shoulder, wondering why others haven't tiptoed into his territory.



HENRY KALEN

Broadfoot: Four Lucrative Years

Today he lives with his wife, Anne, in a comfortable but relatively modest Vancouver condominium and maintains a house on Bowen Island off the BC coast. His life has changed drastically, not so much from the money but from the recognition he receives and the relentless pursuit of his newfound calling. Driving along a country road, in search of the perfect story with the perfect pitch, he occasionally encounters duds—"some old lady slobbering her head off in an old folks' home"—but he treats them all, he says, with dignity. He is already at work to meet his March 1977 deadline on a book about Japanese survivors of Canada's World War II internment camps. "Now, that won't make money, but it's a book I want to write." He admits he is wired to a literary habit, he won't give up unless he is forced to—and he knows the possibilities are limitless. "Why only recently," he says, "someone was telling me I should do the Fifties." JUDITH TIMSON



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

King campaigning in 1911: the book in the plain brown wrapper

The king of Kings

THE AGE OF MACKENZIE KING
by Henry Ferns and Bernard Ostry
(James Lorimer and Company, $15)

At a time when cynicism about Ottawa politicians has grown to such a degree that we tend to believe most of their pronouncements only when they're contradicting themselves, it's good to look back at the reign of Mackenzie King. Here was a man who knew how to listen to the warnings of his senses. During his more than two decades as Liberal Prime Minister, he achieved the ideal state of Canadian political grace: firmly occupying the ideological centre while moving simultaneously both to the left and to the right.

No wonder a thriving cottage industry in King books has developed among our publishers trying to resurrect his foibles and diagnose his fancies. The pick of this season's King books is the reprint of a 1955 study that takes its subject up to that tumultuous day in 1919 when the young labor mediator from Kitchener, Ontario became leader of the Liberal party. In *The Age Of Mackenzie King*, Henry Ferns and Bernard Ostry have pinned down their victim like a prize butterfly in their collection of strange political characters who populated Ottawa during the Grits' consolidation of power. Condemned at the time of its initial publication by Canada's academic establishment (who have always shown a penchant for gentility over honesty), the book became an under-the-counter commodity in Ottawa's bookstores. CBC commentators were forbidden to review it and Jack Pickersgill used the considerable powers of his office to curtail the authors' research sources.

The Age Of Mackenzie King places its subject in his proper context as the most successful—and most devious—parliamentarian in history. Ferns and Ostry portray King as a superb manipulator, able to operate equally effectively on two levels. "Concerning himself on the one hand with the variety of sentiments which are rooted in the past of the people and on the other with the tensions and conflicts of an industrial society as it exists in the present." Tracing the roots of his metaphysical rapport with the many contradictory strains of Canadian society, the authors trace the formative influences during King's first 45 years in terrestrial residence—his political apprenticeship at the University of Toronto, the flash of his early reform instincts, the roots of his thought patterns as expressed in the authorship of *Industry And Humanity*, his initial ventures into the public service and the Laurier cabinet, his tutelage in labor negotiations under the Rockefellers, the dealings he had with the biscuit kings and tea magnates of his day. "King," they conclude, "appreciated ... that class strife is repulsive to the majority of both rich and the poor alike, no matter how exclusive the rich may be and how bitter the poor may feel. To people as naturally tolerant and pragmatic as most Canadians are, conciliation was an excellent slogan." To King, of course, conciliation became a way of life. He turned the attainment of the political anticlimax into a high art form. By documenting this process, Ferns and Ostry have produced an essential Canadian document. PETER C NEWMAN

In dubious battle

THE FACE OF BATTLE by John Keegan
(Clarke, Irwin & Co., $12.50)

Few soldiers could have been more sure of their cause than George Orwell off to fight the Fascists in the Spanish Civil War with Morality and the *New Statesman* on his side. But all the same, he couldn't pull the trigger when a tired Falangist, half-asleep and still undressed, ran through the dawn pulling on his clothes directly in Orwell's line of fire. "I had come here to shoot at Fascists," wrote Orwell, "but a man who is holding up his trousers isn't a Fascist. He is visibly a fellow creature, and you don't feel like shooting him."

Orwell's scruples are High Command's nightmare. War-room plans are predicated on what soldiers in the trenches will actually do. Still, military history has customarily ignored the plight of privates in the field and concentrated on the HQ visions of generals. In *The Face Of Battle*, Sandhurst professor John Keegan changes all that. His thoughtful, if prolix, book examines the perspective and behavior of ordinary soldiers under combat conditions. His conclusion: classic battle has abolished itself in modern times.

To support his thesis Keegan marshals details on three heavyweights in the Hierarchy of Decisive Battles: Agincourt (1415), Waterloo (1815) and the first day of the Battle of the Somme (1916). Deadly as conditions were, writes Keegan, fighting at Agincourt and Waterloo offered certain material and spiritual rewards. Standing one's ground involved some human sense of honor. Plunder and booty were available to the victors, while battlefield etiquette sheltered the vanquished—to some extent. When the English King Henry V ordered his noblemen to massacre the French prisoners, they refused. There was no glory in killing one's social equal after his surrender.

When battle was still a matter of individual skill, its armies were small and dependent on a leisure class. Fighting was the job of nobles, skilled in hand-to-hand combat and spared onerous taxes in return for shedding blue blood. By World War I such aristocratic niceties were all but irrelevant.



A busboy behind a machine gun could do more damage to the enemy than 40 cavalrymen bred for the military arts

Today, battle—even without nuclear weapons—has outgrown all human dimensions Warrior soldiers have been replaced by conscripts and technicians In the Western liberal democracies—from whose point of view Keegan writes—the gulf between the daily lives and morality of these civilian-soldiers and the conditions and attitudes demanded by the battlefield has become practically irreconcilable We have denigrated and ridiculed the military virtues to the same people we expect to fire rockets We have spared murderers in civilian society in the name of sanctity of human life but expect pilots to immolate women and children with napalm Our simultaneous squeamishness and cruelty Keegan argues has developed a truly schizoid society unfit for battle though not for destruction Although he is probably right about this (and totalitarian countries counteract the problem by giving five-year-olds machine gun drill), two other reasons may be equally important in the impending obsolescence of classical battle First, the sense of futility engendered by *destroying* objectives instead of gaining them and second the lack of psychological release in impersonal, push-button warfare The wiring of our mid-brains has not kept pace with the circuits of technology—we do far more damage to our "enemies" now, with far less personal satisfaction, than in the days of swords and maces Maybe this desire to rediscover a human scale has, ironically, made small guerrilla units so fashionable in the age of Doomsday computers Still, battle going the way of the dinosaur doesn't mean an end to human conflict Perhaps Defense Minister Barney Danson's shopping list should include lances and machetes BARBARA AMIEL

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1 **Lady Oracle, *Atwood* (1)**
2 **Sleeping Murder, *Christie* (6)**
3 **Separation, *Rohmer* (5)**
4 **Trinity, *Uris* (3)**
5 **Touch Not The Cat, *Stewart* (2)**
6 **The Doctor's Wife, *Moore* (4)**
7 **Storm Warning, *Higgins* (8)**
8 **Slapstick, *Vonnegut* (7)**
9 **Dolores, *Susann* (9)**
10 **The Main, *Trevenien***

NONFICTION

1 **A Man Called Intrepid, *Stevenson* (1)**
2 **Between Friends, *The National Film Board of Canada* (2)**
3 **Passages, *Sheehy* (4)**
4 **My Country, *Berton* (3)**
5 **Roots, *Haley***
6 **Your Erroneous Zones, *Dyer***
7 **The Far Side Of The Street, *Hutchison* (8)**
8 **As It Happened, *Frum***
9 **Vets Might Fly, *Harriot* (7)**
10 **The Pioneer Years, *Broadfoot***

() Position last issue

Prepared with the aid of the Canadian Booksellers Association

Films

An idea whose time has definitely not come



Foster (left) and an unidentified chorine: what's a nice kid like her, etc.

BUGSY MALONE
Directed by Alan Parker

Last season on NBC-TV's saucy *Saturday Night* series a number of mock cultural predictions included a production of *Death Of A Salesman* performed entirely by children It was a huge joke at the time but the laugh has turned back on itself with *Bugsy Malone*, a musical 1929 gangster spoof—performed entirely by children Made in England the film was picked up for North American distribution by Paramount Pictures even before it proved a success at the Cannes Film Festival "It's a very special film," says David Picker president of Paramount's motion picture division That meant, of course, very special problems of promotion and distribution The film opened in New York to a shimmer of publicity and generally enthusiastic reviews But *Bugsy Malone* lay down and died to the extent that in some of its theatres the film became a minor freak-out epic, with marijuana smoke heavy in the air and patrons with open wine bottles shouting obscenities at the screen

"*Bugsy Malone* did not succeed in New York," Picker admits "I'd generally rather have favorable word of mouth instead of good reviews, and obviously in New York it didn't get that word of mouth." The film has been a success in Los Angeles, however, and is now being opened slowly in key markets in the United States and Canada Smaller centres will get the film later, when Paramount discovers the marketing pattern "We're still trying to find a hook on the film," says Picker, "trying to get people to like it."

Alan Parker, the movie's director, remains bemused "Our intentions were totally innocent I just wanted to make a film in which kids are the heroes Some New York people said they saw sexual perversion in it That frightens me it's like seeing something dirty in *Bambi*."

Some bewilderment is due *Bugsy Malone* is a series of genre sequences from American gangster films—the shoot-outs, distillery raids and speakeasies of gang warfare, peopled by racketeers, cops and chorus girls But the average age of the performers is 12, the most deadly weapons are seltzer bottles and custard pies, and all the proceedings are wrapped in candy-like songs by Paul Williams performed by adult voices on the soundtrack The wittiness of the film's design, its stylish sets and costumes briefly brings this miniaturized a-movie to life, and *Bugsy Malone* might have worked had it been only 20 minutes long Padded to full length, it becomes painfully repetitive The film is modeled on lifeless forms anyway: the good girl in a gangster film, for instance, was always a drag, and having her acted by a kid (Florrie Dugger) doesn't change matters Most of the children are nonprofessionals and their performances have a peach-fuzz vagueness The best work is by two pros 16-year-old Martin Lev as an elegant gangster and 13-year-old Jodie Foster (alarmingly described by Paramount publicity as "all actress and all woman") as a vamp Without the edge of satire or even the bad taste of knowingness, *Bugsy Malone* is harmless, aimless and endless The true kicker of the project is the thought of those hundreds of stage mothers who must have lurked in the wings URJO KAREDA

Some people think they perform better when they drink.

Why do you drink?
If you're like most people, you drink because you enjoy it But some people think a drink is the answer to every problem They think drinking makes them better They think they can work better, get along with people better, even drive a car better It's important to remember what a drink is and what it does

Alcohol is a depressant of the central nervous system.
Drinking can release inhibitions That's why some people, after a few drinks, behave as though they've been stimulated Shy persons can become aggressive Quiet persons can become abusive Once inhibitions are gone, we can lose control of our behaviour The more we drink, the more we become impaired! So much for performing better! Eventually we can't think straight, talk straight or walk straight

Alcohol is a drug.
For most people, drinking more than they can handle can lead to serious, immediate, as well as long range, psychological and physical problems Unlike other addicting drugs, such as opiates and barbiturates, the alcohol dependence process may take years to develop You may not know or admit that it's happening But you're still dependant!

Alcohol abuse is a societal disease.
Alcohol is associated with approximately 40% of all traffic deaths, and absenteeism and work loss are estimated to cost industry more than $1 million a day The costs of family breakup, child neglect and crime make the total cost to our society immeasurable

It's high time we talked about it.
Talk to people you know who drink Talk about the problems Tell them drinking doesn't make them better Cut this out and discuss it with your friends and your children (or your parents). 'Dialogue on drinking' is a program to help you talk about the problems alcohol generates If we start talking about the problems, we're that much closer to solving them

Dialogue on drinking

An idea from

Health and Welfare Canada / Santé et Bien-être social Canada
Box 8888, Ottawa

and your Provincial Government.

an Operation Lifestyle program

If nothing else, Canada has in René Lévesque one man worthy of the title Opposition Leader

Column by Allan Fotheringham

One could plot the history of modern Quebec around the five men who used to gather for the Friday night drinking and smoking and talkingsessions in the kitchen of Gérard Pelletier's pleasant Westmount home in 1962-63 There was the late Andre Laurendeau brilliant editor and co chairman of the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism that set this country on the road to toleration (and backlash) the sensitive Pelletier now in retreat as Canada's ambassador in Paris after his cerebral journalistic mind failed to connect with the crass political process in Ottawa and Jean Marchand now a failed Liberal candidate in Quebec after—like Pelletier—never quite mastering the cold Ottawa system

A fourth man around the kitchen table was Pierre Trudeau, the wealthy dilettante who had spent a leisurely portion of his life educating himself in Montreal Paris Harvard and London and who sardonically lorded it over the emotional final member of the troupe René Lévesque, the uncouth law school dropout from a small town in the Gaspé One night, after Trudeau indicated Lévesque was but a small-time party hack René exploded and it took the others to prevent the scene progressing into violence

The tableau of course indicates more than the incestuous nature of Quebec intellectual life at that formative period when the province was attempting to burst somewhat tardily, into this century It presents the intriguing background for the high noon showdown between the kitchen disputant who is now Prime Minister of Canada and his equally hot-tempered old rival, the Levesque who when you think of it has long been the real leader of the opposition in this country and now is officially crowned as such

Trudeau who was elected in 1968 by the English-speaking portion of Canada because it was felt only he could keep Quebec in Confederation now faces his major test. The rest was play-acting—we now get down to the short strokes and poor Joe Clark may find himself—mouth agape cast in the role of voyeur

There was one thing quite apparent amidst the feud air and wall-to-wall beards in the Paul Sauvé arena in east end Montreal that was Parti Québécois celebration headquarters election night The urban groupies of Montreal simulating the nutty ambience of a Grey Cup weekend felt they had discovered, exclusively René Lévesque as a political prophet. (My shins and ribs haven't been so mangled since I tried to buy a meat pie at the Epsom Derby) In fact the man with a face like a used gravel pit Canada's most famous nicotine addict had been put in power by their parents who had watched the prodigy mature (or marinate) for decades and decided that doggedness and passion would be rewarded Like Rowan and Martin, Lévesque worked 54 years to become an overnight success

While the discombobulated heavy thinkers of *Fortune* and *The Wall Street Journal* scramble to probe the intellect of the shortest hero since Napoleon the Quebec voter rests content in the knowledge that this man entered politics five years before Trudeau did He's got a lot of mileage on the meter (He may blather about sawing Quebec out of Confederation but he can no more do it—considering the bourgeois nature of Quebec society—than rival Trudeau can rush Canada into the 'new society" that died stillborn in that regretted New Year's interview The land is not so much strong as dull and it takes a pickaxe to move it an inch. Levesque—as did Barrett and Trudeau before him—will discover that painful truth)



Newsman Lévesque in '58: well-grounded

The point however is that the country misunderstands Rene's background There seems to be the misapprehension that he has spent his life brooding in a coffee shop if not a press club His background is not appreciated The legal profession (to its relief) lost him when a professor in his final year of law at Laval University tossed him out of class for his persistent smoking René never went back The professor was Louis Philippe Pigeon who later became a valuable quiet adviser when Lévesque forced the nationalization of the Quebec hydroelectric system on Premier Jean Lesage Today Pigeon is a justice of the Supreme Court of Canada (and not unsympathetic one suspects to his one time wayward protégé)

One of the reasons why Lévesque had such contempt for the feckless Robert Bourassa is that they were once pointed the same route Bourassa the earnest and ambitious young economist, was one of three Quebec Liberals along with Levesque who prepared the separatist manifesto to be presented to the 1967 party convention Many of the meetings were held in the basement of Bourassa's home in Mount Royal and the pledge was signed at that house with the wealthy Andrée Bourassa supporting the group while her husband backed off at the last minute ' He made his calculations " Lévesque once told me with a shrug Mrs Bourassa in fact took out membership with the group before René turned it into a formal separatist party Later of course the Ottawa Liberal brass "arranged" the elevation of the unknown Bourassa, thereby diddling the forever-bitter Claude Wagner Lévesque if overly impetuous has ever since regarded Bourassa as a hypocrite and the Quebec voters in the end agreed with him

The most misunderstood assumption is that the little man with the coffee grinder voice because he believes in a romantic dream of independence perforce must be anti-American If the truth be known he is a hopeless fan When the nicotine habit banished him from a law career that would have bored him, he spent the war (while Trudeau was elsewhere occupied on his motorcycle) as a correspondent with the U S armed forces

The final point is that Levesque surprising to most, has an international background not matched by any practising Canadian politician He endured London bombings followed U S troops in their sprint across Europe was one of the first queasy witnesses into the Dachau death camp saw Mussolini strung up by his heels viewed the French generals freed by the Nazis interviewed Khrushchev in Moscow by accompanying Lester Pearson and was Canada's most distinguished correspondent covering the Korean war

He may be a disaster as premier, but let him earn the role—he is not a novice at the game of life

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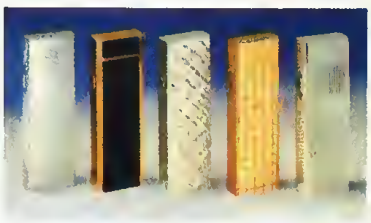


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